

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Disposed into twelue books,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.



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1590.

THE FAITH
TO THE MOST MIGH-
TIE AND MAGNIFI-
CENT EMPRESSE ELI-
ZABETH, BY THE
GRACE OF GOD QUEENE
OF ENGLAND, FRANCE
AND IRELAND DE-
FENDER OF THE FAITH
&c.

Her most humble

Servant.

Ed. Spenser



The first Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of the Knight *of the Red Crosse,*

OR

Of Holinesse.

LO I the man, whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
Am now enforst a farre vnfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaungemine Oaten reeds:
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises hauing slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broode emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loues shall moralize my song.

Helpe then, O holy virgin chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,

Of Faerie knights and fayrest *Tanaquill*,
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his vnderferued wrong:
 O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Ioue*,
 Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst roue,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
 Lay now thy deadly *Heben* bowe apart,
 And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde:
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
 In loues and gentle iollities arraid,
 After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diuine,
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like *Phæbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into mine feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dread a while.

CANT.

Canto I.

*The Patrone of true Holinesse,
Foule Error doth defente:
Hypocrisie him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.*

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody field;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sit,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fit,

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as liuing euer him ador'd:
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soueraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faery* lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to haue,

Which of all earthly thinges he most did craue;
 And euer as he rode his hart did earne,
 To proue his puissance in battell braue
 Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Vpon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And ouer all a blacke stole shee did throw,
 As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
 And heauie fate vpon her palfrey slow:
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe shee lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subiection held,
 Till that infernall scend with foule vprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
 Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far cōpeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfse did lag,
 That lasie seemd in being euer last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine ouercast,
 And angry Ioue an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That euerie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud theselues were fain.

Enforst

Enforst to seeke some couert nigh at hand,
A shadie groue not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose lostie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heauens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes, so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the bendiers will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The caruer Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustering storme is ouerblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,

But wander too and fro in waies vnknowne;
 Furthest from end then, when they neereſt weene,
 That makes the doubt, their wits be not their owne:
 So many pathes, ſo many turnings ſeene,
 That which of them to take, in diuerſe doubt they been.

At laſt reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
 Till that ſome end they finde or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten ſeemd moſt bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe caue,
 Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
 Eſtſoones diſmounted from his courſer braue,
 And to the Dwarfſe a while his needleſſe ſpere he gaue.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
 Leaſt ſuddaine miſchiefe ye too raſh prouoke:
 The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without ſmoke,
 And perill without ſhow: therefore your hardy ſtroke
 Sir knight with-hold, till further tryall made.
 Ah Ladie (ſayd he) ſhame were to reuoke,
 The forward footing for an hidden ſhade: (wade.
 Vertue giues her ſelfe light, through darkeneſſe for to

Yea but (quoth ſhe) the perill of this place
 I better wot then you, though nowe too late,
 To wiſh you backe returne with foule diſgrace,
 Yet wiſedome warnes, whileſt foot is in the gate,
 To ſtay the ſteppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*,
 A monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
 Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfſe:) this is no place for liuing men.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistering armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdain.

And as she lay vpon the durty ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred,
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, eachone
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill fauored:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point, fought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he leapt
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

A 5. According to the Text

Therewith enrag'd, she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduaunst,
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay:
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
 The stroke down fro her head vnto her shoulder glaunst

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all atonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
 Tho wrapping vp her wretched sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he stroue in vaine:
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee
 Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine,
 And knitting all his force got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loole her wicked bands did her cōstraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vilJly, that it forst him slacke,
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later ebbe gins t' auale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures partly male
And partly femall of his fruitfull seed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiud to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euentide,
When ruddy *Phebus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best,
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All struiuing to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings,
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Resolud in minde all suddenly to win,

Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse;
A streame of cole black blood forth gushed frō her corse

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That detestable sight him much amaze,
To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Hauing all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurs;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, (contend.
His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should

His Lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, Faire knight, borne vnder happie starre,
Who see your vāquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your strength on a strong enemie,
Your first aduenture: many such I pray,
And henceforth ouer wish, that like succeed it may.

Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new aduenture sought,
Long way he traueiled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet vpon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd euil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare.

Offsuch (saide he) I chiefly doe inquer,
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a curled creature liues so long a space.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (saide the Ladie) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waues emong.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Vntroubled night they say giues counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye haue aduised bin,
Quoth then that aged man; the way to win
Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
For this same night. The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a foreests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In traucill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy thinges each morne and euentide:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriu'd there the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the euening so they pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of Saintes and Popes, and euermore
He strowd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
Sweet slöbring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes:
Vnto their lodgings then his gvestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amidde
His magick bookes and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepey minds:

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke *Plutoes* griesly Dame,
And cursed heuen, and spake reprochful shame:
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light,
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes and *Styx* is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which like litle flyes
Fluttring about his euerdamned hedd,
A waite whereto their seruice he applyes,

To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies;
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire,
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
In siluer deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her matle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
The other all with siluer ouercast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowfie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe
And euery drizzling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

The Messenger approching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
Hether (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sene.

The God obeyde, and calling forth straight way
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoide of careful carke,
Whose senses all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore,
In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So liuely and so like in all mens sight,

That

That weaker sence it could haue rauisht quight:
 The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
 Cast a blackstole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
 Vnto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of euil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled priuily:
 And that new creature borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guyle with vsage fly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
 And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one vpon his hardie head him plaste,
 And made him dreame of Ioues and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy, (toy.
 Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures.

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
 Fayre *Venus* seemde vnto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
 To bee the chastest flowre, that aye did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound:
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whylst freshest *Flora* her with Yuiç girlond crownd.

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth vp, as seeming to mistrust,
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Ladie is,
Vnder blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took

All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight,
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pittreous wise,
Tho can the weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And sayd, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard auenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdom, There she stopt with teares,
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereaue,
And then againe begonne, My weaker yeares

Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

Loue of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and vn pittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no vnruth he knew,
Her sawning loue with foule disdainfull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I reu,
That for my sake vnknowne such griefe vnto you grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art.
And fed with words, that could not chose but please,
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grien'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spight,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tesse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spight he backe returnd againe.

Cant. II.

*The guilefull great Euchaunter parts.
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose steps faire falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.*

BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
His seuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
Bur firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phoebus* fiery carre,
In hast was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright,
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Essoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty hed

His wanton daies that euer loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Couered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dreames gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals, Rise rise vnhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit themselues in *Venus* shamefull chaine;
Come see, where your false Lady doth her honor staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went,
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would haue slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged fire.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty fight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night,
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
Had spent his lāpe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

Now

Now when the rosy fingered Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tubones* saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewy aire,
And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
The royall virgin shooke of drousy bed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wail and weepe, to see that woeful flowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But euery hil and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, sore griued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whome she loued best.

But subtile *Archimago* when his guests
He saw diuided into double parts,
And *Vna* wandring in woods and Forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he praised his diuinish arts,
That had such might ouer true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further smart:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make.

Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spelt

But now seemde best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
And siluer shield, vpon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diuerfly:
Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel addressd,
And when he sate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would haue deemed him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true *Saint George* was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete vpon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all armed to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was; and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,
Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a *Persian* mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lauish louers to her gaues
Her wanton palfrey all was ouerspred
With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
Whose bridlerung with golden bells and bosses braue.

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
She intertaine her louer all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare aduance,
Shee soone left of her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickte with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day.
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staine the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Can fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side,
Doe meete, that with the terror of the shooke.
Astonied both, stand fencelesse as a blocke.
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, vnmoued as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quyreth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce ennies,
And

+
cruel spies

And through their iron sides with cruelties
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple blood new dyes the verdant fields.

Curse on that Crosse(qd. then the *Sarazin*)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt,
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured fitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith vpon his crest
With rigor so outraggeous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest, (blest.
And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsfoones reuiue,
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did riuie,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe aliue,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whether the soules doe fly of men, that liue amis,

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure,
Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

Shee

Shee turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil. Her humble selfe low
In so ritche weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,
And said, Deare dame, your suddein ouerthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament,
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
Was, (O what now auaieth that I was?)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pas.

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was neuer Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire,
Into the hands of hys accursed sone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I euer mone.

His blessed body spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee vnhappy maid,
O how

O how great sorrow my sad soules ffaid,
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
 With loue, long time did languish as the stricken hind,

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*,
 To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could neuer win
 The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who whiles he liude, was called proud *Sansfoy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad fire, whose youngest is *Sansloy*,
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold *Sansloy*.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
 Crauing of you in pittie of my state,
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.
 He in great passion al this while did dwell,
 More buyng his quicke eies, her face to view,
 Then his dull cares, to heare what shee did tell,
 And said, faire Lady hart of flint would rew
 The vnderferued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Hauing both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.
 With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And shee coy looks: so dainty they say maketh derth.

Long

Long time they thus together traueiled,
Til weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faired did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouercast,
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but found th'vn lucky ground.

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily gor:
For golden *Phoebus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselues to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire seemely pleasure each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they sit
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those branches greene to frame
A girland for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough, out of whose risse there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare

Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare loue,
 O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
 Aftond he stood, and vp his heare did houe,
 And with that fuddein horror could no member moue.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was ouerpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
 What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speeches rare,
 And ruefull plants, me bidding guilelesse blood to spare?

Then groning deep, Nor damned Ghost, (qd. he.)
 Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake,
 But once a man *Fradubio*, now a tree;
 Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake
 A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plapt in open plaines,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold & heat me paines;

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
 Qd. then the knight, by whose mischieuous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
 He oft finds med' cine, who his griefe imparts;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striueth to suppress.
 The author then (saide he) of all my smarts,
 Is one *Duesia* a false forcereffe,
 That many errat knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To loue this gentle Lady, whome ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree,
With whome as once I rode accompanye,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my speare: such is the dye of warre:
His Lady left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

So doubly lou'd of ladies vnlike faire,
Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fralissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And euer false *Duessa* seemde as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raifd streight way

A foggy mist, that ouercast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride she out, fye, fye, deformed wight,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 To haue before bewitched all mens sight;
 O leaue her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
 And would haue kild her; but with faigned paine,
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

Thensforth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
 And in the witch vnweeting ioyd long time,
 Ne euer wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is euerie Prime,
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would beleue to bee.
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
 For danger great, if nor assurd decay
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

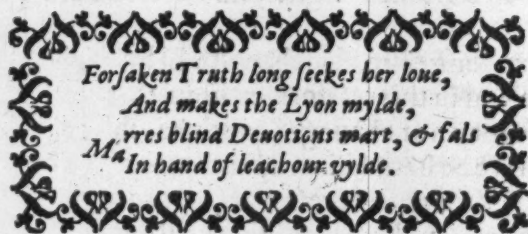
The diuelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Percei'd my thought, and drownd in sleepe night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaued quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched louers side me pight,
Where now enclofd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from liuing wights, our wearie daies we waste.

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this cuill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing well;
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O how, sayd he, more I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?
Time and suffisid fates to former kynd
Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs vnbynd.

The false *Dessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dremment,
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.
Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swoone. Her eyelids blew
And

And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
 At last she vp gan lift: with trembling cheare
 Her vp he tooke, too simple and too trew,
 And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Cant. III.



NOught is there vnder heau'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moues more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'vnworthie wretchednesse
 Through enuies snares or fortunes freakes vnkind:
 I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe vnto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest *Vnaes* sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guylefull handeling
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as euer liuing wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight diuorced in despayre
 And her dew loues dery'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
Forfaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd (wrought
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her ynhaustie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she vndight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after saluage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage awaged with remorse,
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious forse.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weert.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,

And simple truth subdue auenging wrong,
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission;
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

The Lyon Lord of euerie beast in field
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pit tie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lou'd, and euer most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting vp her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attayne.

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And euer by her looks conceiued her intent.

Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandering knight shold pas,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espyde,
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behynd,
As if her life vpon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But suddaine catching hold did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

Which when none yielded, her vnruely Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,

Shee found them both in darke some corner pent,
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Vpon her beads deuoutly penitent;
 Nine hundred *Pater noster* euery day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to say.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
 Thrise euery weeke in ashes shee did sitt;
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bitt:
 But now for feare her beads she did forgett,
 Whose needelesse dread for to remoue away,
 Faile *Vna* framed words and count'naunce fit:
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowfie night,
 When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
 Sad *Vna* downe her laies in weary plight,
 And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:
 In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
 For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
 And sighes, and grones, and euermore does sleepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

Now when *Aldebran* was mounted hye
 About the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire;
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware;
 That ready entraunce was not at his call:
 For on his backe a heauy load he bare
 Of nightly stelchs and pillage seuerall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall,

He was to weete a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe;
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestow
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa daughter of *Corceca* slow,
With whom he whoredome vsd, that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow,
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them; him into lett
He would no lenger stay him to aduize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest;
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the churly land

Dronke vp his life, his corse left on the strand,
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
 The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
 Affraid, least to themselues the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discouered has,
 Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the lyon eke,
 And on their former iourney forward pas,
 In waies vknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring *Greeke*,
 That for his loue refused deirye;
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye,
 Then furthest from her hope, whē most she weened nye.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
 That blind old woman and her daughter dear
 Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slayne,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare,
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice, and reuenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

Whome ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity,
 And still amidst her rayling she did pray,
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might euer stray.

But when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
Shee backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtile *Archimag*, that *Vna* sought
By traynes into new troubles to haue toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That cauld her shed so many a bitter reare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Lady did inquer;
Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueild slow,
And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde:
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Vnto an hyl, from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh she wist, it was the same, (came,
And with faire fearefull humbleesse towards him shee

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to haue bene quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that ye displeasen might,

That

That should as death vnto my deare heart light
 For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
 My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is;
 But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

He thereto meeing said, My dearest Dame,
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame;
 As you to leaue, that haue me loued stil,
 And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
 The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skil
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leaue you, my lief, yborn of heuenly berth.

And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
 Was for to seeke aduenture in straunge place,
 Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
 But knight he now shall neuer more deface,
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
 Well to accept, and euer more embrace
 My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas (please.
 Haue vowd you to defend. Now then your plaint ap-

His louely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines: one louing howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre:
 Shee has forgott, how many a woeful stowre
 For him she late endurd; she speaks no more
 Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre
 To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyl'd so sore.

Much

Much like, as when the beate[n] marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling *Turby* saltish teare,
And long time hauing tann'd his tawney hide,
With blustering breath of Heauē, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merrily doth sound,
And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse;
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watter wilde[n]esse,
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discourfing of her dreadfull late distelle,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told her all that fell in iourney, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hattie hear,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fieri[n]esse fomed all with swear,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell reuenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield saw lay in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan estfoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.

Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
 To taste th'vntryed dint of deadly Steele;
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce,
 And full of wrath, that with his sharpehead speare
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce,
 And had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
 He rombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him leapt, in minde to reauē his life,
 And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
 Of him, that slew *Sansfoy* with bloody knife;
 Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,
 When mourning altars purgd with enimies life,
 The black infernall *Furies* doen aslake:
 Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookst, *Sansfoy* shall frō thee take.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
 Till *Vna* cride, O hold that heauie hand,
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquishd stand:
 Now at thy mercy: Mercy not wichstand:
 For he is one the truest knight aliue,
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
 And whilest him fortune fauourd, sayre did thrīue.
 In bloody field: therefore of life him not I eprīue.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue slayne him streight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flee:
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fiers seruant full of kingly aw
And high disdain, whenas his soueraine Dame
So rudely handled by her for he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came.

And

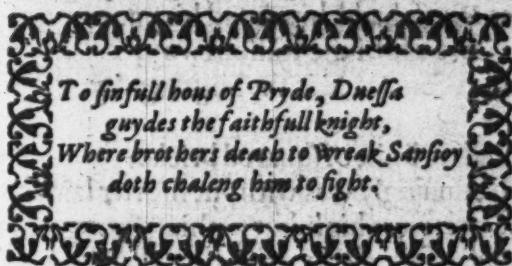
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Haue rest away with his sharprending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that frō his griping pawes (drawes,
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his sword he

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand,
Est soones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forlooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to saue or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
Beares her away vpon his courser light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riuen haue in twaine,
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares:
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her seruile beast yet would not leaue her so,
But followes her far of, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Can. IIII.



Young knight, what euer that dost atmes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaunge of thy deare loued Dame,
Least thou of her belicue too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remoue:
For vnto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue,
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly proue

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duess*a in her sted had borne,
Called *Fide*ss, and so supposed to be,
Long with her traueild, till at last they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thether traueiled.

Great troupes of people traueild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With basefull beggery, or soule disgrace,
Which

Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether *Dueffa* badd him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far ouer laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightful bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation euer sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That eucry breath of heauen shaken itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arriued there they passed in forth right,
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald *Maluenu*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on euery side
With rich array and costly arras dight
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In liuing Princes court none euer knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side, (tiffide.
Which with their presence fayre, the place much beau-

High aboue all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As enuying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

Exceeding shone, like *Phabus* fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and aduancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten playne,
And rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdayne,
And siting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo vnderneath her scornefull feete, was layne

A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne.
 And in her selfe-lou'd semblance tooke delight;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
 And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
 Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of natue soueraintie,
 But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold:
 Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong aduizement of six wifards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did vphold.

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
 And false *Duessá* seeming Lady fayre,
 A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeyfaunce, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
 To proue the wide report of her great Maiestee.

With

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainfull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
Of Princeesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deuise
Themselues to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe enterrayne,
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
But to *Due*ss each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princeesse too exceeding prowde,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddein vpriseth from her stately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call;
All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnes brode doth blaze
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens cies amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
And stroue to match, in roiall rich array,

Great *Iuno*s golden chayre, the which they say
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To *Iones* high hous through heauens bras-paued way
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin;
 Vpon a slouthfull Ass he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the seruice to begin.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little redd,
 For of deuotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd;
 Scarfe could he once vphold his heauie hedd,
 To looken, whether it were night or day:
 May seeme the wayne was very euill ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise,
 From euerie worke he chalenged esloyne,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grieuous malady;
 For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
 A shaking feuer raignd continually:
 Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
His belly was vpblowne with luxury;
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowd vp excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne,
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for hear,
And on his head an yuie girland had,
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken countse he scarce vpholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

Vnfit he was for any wordly thing,
And eke vnhabie once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his so:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Vpon a bearded Gore, whose rugged heare,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:

Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did loue,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and proue
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule euill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lechery*, the third of all this traine.

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
Vppon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffets, hong on either side,
With precious metall full, as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelpe his God he made,
And vnto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursed vsury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

His

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplaste,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes hee ware,
Ne scarfe good morfell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet childe ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
Whose welth was want, whose pléty made him pore,
Who had enough, yett wished euer more,
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was *Auarice*, the forth of this faire band.

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode,
Vpon a rauinous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbors welth, that made him euer sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes



In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
 Still as he rode, he gnash't his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Coueryse,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did vse,
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accule;
 So euery good to bad he doth abuse:
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leproous mouth on all, that euer writt:
 Such one vile *Enuy* was, that first in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce reuenging *Wrath*,
 Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed;
 His eies did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all, that him beheld,
 As alhes pale of hew and seeming ded;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trëbling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staine with blood,
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through vnaduized rashnes woxen wood;
 For of his hands he had no gouernement,
 Ne car'd for blood in his auengement:
 But when the furious fitt was ouerpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent;
 Yet wilfull mau he neuer would forecast,
 How many mischieues should ensue his heedlesse hast.

Full

Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnchristy scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life,
All these, and many euils moe haunt ire, *o*
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rise,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly tire.

And after all vpon the wagon beame
Rode *Sathan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as *Slowness* still in the mire did stand:
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for ioy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had couered all the land;
And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire, *o*
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule *Duessa*, next vnto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifer*, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far vnfit for warlike swaine.

So hauing solaced themselves a space,
With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycle,

And

And heathnith shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writt *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans foy*
 He spide with that same Fary champions page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He to him lept, and that same enuious gage
 Of victors glory from him snacht away:
 But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
 And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure, that enfewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight,

Ah dearest Dame, qd. then the Paynim bold,
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whome great grieve made forgett the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shameful treason, who through guile hath slayn
 The prowrest knight, that euer field did fight,
 Euen stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?) (dayn.
 Whose shield he beares renuerst, the more to heap dis-
 And

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest loue the faire *Fideffa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the haruest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
 So be, O Queene, you equall fauour shoue.
 Him litle anwerd th'angry Elfin knight; (right.
 He neuer meant with words, but swords to plead his

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg,
 His cause in combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with harts on edg,
 To be aueng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For Steward was excessiue *Gluttony*,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all; (call.
 Which doen, the Chamberlain *Slow* did to rest them

Now whenas darke some night had all displayd
 Her coleblacke curtein ouer brightest skye,
 The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
 But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace,
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Vprose *Ducssa* from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoues with speeches seeming fitt:
 Ah deare *Sanfioy*, next dearest to *Sanfioy*,

Cause

Cause of my new grieffe, cause of new ioy,
 Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greeud, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye;
 Lo his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart.
 Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
 For since my brest was launcht with louely dart
 Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Haue wasted, louing him with all my powre,
 And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie stowre.

At last when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes vnweeting I was cast,
 By this false faytor, who vnworthie ware
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull graue.
 Me silly maid away with him he bare,
 And euer since hath kept in darksom caue,
 For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sansfoy* I gaue.

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
 Vnder your beames I will me safely throwd,
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
 To you th'inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his loue.
 Let not his loue, let not his restless spight,
 Be vnreueng'd, that calles to you aboute (moue.
 From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse
 Thereto

Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their grieve is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
For needlesse feare did neuervantage none,
And helpelesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sanfoy*, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeued ghost for vengeance deep do grone
He liues, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

O But I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
Ino whitt reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Else subdew,
And with *Sanfoyes* dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where euer yet I be, my secrete aide
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

Cant.

The first Booke of *Cant. V.*
Cant V.

*The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe,
Whom false Duesse saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.*

THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlessse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Deuizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he archieuen might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light;

At last the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open fayre,
And *Phoebus* fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
hurld And hurls his glistering beames through gloomy ayre.
Which whē the wakeful Elfe perceiud, streight way
He started vp, and did him selfe prepayre,
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combart will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weete what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,

To

To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who nor a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
To kindle heat of corage priuily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
To obserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene,
With royall pomp and princely maiestie;
She is ybrought vnto a paled greene,
And placed vnder stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see,
On th'other side in all mens open vew
Dueffa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trompett sounded from on hye,
And vnto battaill bad them selues addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestles they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assaile,
And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayles:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak & fraile.
The

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour he did fight,
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:
As when a Gryfon seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull rauine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray:
The wise Southsayer seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right,
And each to deadly shame would driue his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His sudden eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,

And

And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
Doeſt thou ſit wayling by blacke *Stygian* lake,
Whyeſt here thy ſhield is hangd for victors hyre,
And ſluggiſh german doeſt thy forces ſlake,
To after-ſend his foe, that him may ouertake ?

Goe caytiue Elſe, him quickly ouertake,
And ſoone redeeme from his long wandring woe,
Goe guiltie gholt, to him my meſſage make,
That I his ſhield haue quit from dying foe.
Therewith vpon his creſt he ſtroke him ſo,
That twiſe he reeled, readie twiſe to fall,
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The falſe *Dueſſa*, Thine the ſhield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie ſpeake,
Out of his ſwowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mou'd with wrath, and ſhame, and Ladies ſake,
Of all attonce he caſt auengd to be,
And with ſo' exceeding furie at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoupe vpon his knee;
Had he not ſtouped ſo, he ſhould haue clouen bee.

And to him ſaid, Goe now proud Miſcreant,
Thy ſeſe thy meſſage do to german deare,
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe ſay, his foe thy ſhield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heaue hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue ſlaine; when lo a darkelome clowd
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vaniſht is. The Elſe him calls alowd,
But answer none receiues: the darknes him does throwd

In haste *Dueffa* from her place arose,
And to him running sayd, O prowtest knight,
That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance; lo th'infernall powres
Couering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thrifty blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soueraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his seruice scene:
Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduancing his gay cheualree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,

And

And softly gan embalme on euerie side.
And all the while, most heauenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
Him to beguile of grieke and agony:
And all the while *Dueſſa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie trauciler that strays
By muddy shore of broad seuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnwetting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false grieke hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournfull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

So wept *Dueſſa* vntill euentyde,
That shynyn lampes in *Ioues* high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th' Hethen knight
In slombing swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phæbus* chearefull face durst neuer vew,
And in a soule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new;
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw *Dueſſa* ſunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and iewels ſhining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the ſight,
And th' vnacquainted light began to feare:
For neuer did ſuch brightnes there appeare,
And would haue backe retyred to her caue,
Vntill the witches ſpeach ſhe gan to heare,
Saying, yet O thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abye, till I haue told the meſſage, which I haue.

She ſtayd, and foorth *Dueſſa* gan proceede,
O thou moſt auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at firſt didſt breede,
Or that great houſe of Gods cæleſtiall,
Which waſt begot in *Damogorgons* hall,
And ſawſt the ſecrets of the world vnmade,
Why ſuffredſt thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin ſword, moſt ſhamefully betrade?
Lo where the ſtout *Sanſoy* doth ſleepe in deadly ſhade.

And him before, I ſaw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sanſoy* ſhrinck vnderneath his ſpeare;
And now the pray of fowles in field helyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearly deare.
O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aueugles* ſonnes ſo euill heare?
Or who ſhall not great *Nightes* children ſcorne,
When two of three her Nephewes are ſo fowle forlorne.

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknes Queene,
Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or elſe goe them auenge, and let be ſcene,
That dreaded *Night* in brighteſt day hath place,
And

And can the children of fayre light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion mou'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her hart was neuer prou'd
Till then: for euermore she hated, neuer lou'd.

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rewe
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good succesles, which their foes enslew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to *Ioues* eternall seat.
The sonnes of Day he fauoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price, that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?
I that do seeme not I, *Dueffa* ame,
Quoth she, how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Dueffa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of fashood, and roote of *Dueffaes* race.
O welcome child, whom I haue longd to see,
And now haue seene vnwares. Lo now I goe with thee.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welsauourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich,
Did softly swim away, ne euër stamp,
Vnlesse she chaüst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward sence, and natiue strength,
Couerd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald,
They binden vp so wisely, as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
And her darke grießly looke them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,
And brought the heauy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
By that same hole an entraunce darke and bace

With

With sinoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braist,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghaist.

By that same way the direfull dames doe driue
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* house are come biliue:
Which passing through, on euery side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Offeends infernall flockt on euery side,
To gaze on erthly wight; that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent,
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, vntill *Dayes* enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For he in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
 There thrifty *Tantalus* hong by the chin;
 And *Tityus* fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhæus ioyns were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law
 And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leauē off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
 Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, vneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad *Aesculapius* far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore;
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
 But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she saw her offred sweets refusd
 Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with hier gealous termes his open eares abusd.

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought,
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
 Frō surging gulf two Mōsters streight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast,
 Both

Both charett swifte and huntſman ouercast,
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was leſte no monument.

His cruell ſtepdame ſeeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death auowing th'innocence of her ſonne.
Which hearing his raſh Syre, began to rend
His heare, and haſty tong, that did offend:
Tho gathering vp the relicks of his ſmart
By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolytes* frend,
Them brought to *Aeſculape*, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous ſcience in mans witt to rain
When *Ioue* auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endleſſe life he might him not deprive,
But vnto hell did thruſt him downe aliue,
With ſlaſhing thunderbolt ywounded fore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies ſtrive
Him ſelfe with ſalues to health for to reſtore,
And ſlake the heauenly fire, that rag'd euermore.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
To *Aeſculapius* brought the wounded knight:
Whome hauing ſoftly diſaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him diſcouer all his harmes,
Beſeeching him with prayer, and with praife,
If either ſalues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A ſor. donne wight from dore of death mote raiſe,
He would at her requeſt prolong her nephews daies.

Ah Dame (qd. he) thou temptest me in vaine,
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old caule of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that thrust from heauen dew
 Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to ecke? Can Night defray (day?
 The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night and

Not so (qd. she) but sith that heauens king
 From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of euerlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou far renounced sonne
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

Her words preuaild: And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els, the which his art did teach:
 Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darkenesse, and let stay
Aeugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
 And backe retou rning tooke her wonted way,
 To runne her timely race, whilst *Phoebus* pure
 In western waues his weary wagon did recure.

The false *Dueffa* leauing noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame *Pryde*,
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence, albee his woundes wyde

Not

Not throughly heald, vnready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull sight, as could be scene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetise*,
Through wastfull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse
Prouokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuyes* false surmise,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should liue in wo, & dye in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celestiaall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore:
There also was king *Crasus*, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud *Antiochus*, the which aduaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old *Ninus* far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natie syre did fowle vpbrayd,
And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The Antique ruins of the *Romanes* fall:
 Great *Romulus* the Grandfyre of them all,
 Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
 Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,
 Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
 High *Caesar*, great *Pompey*, and fiers *Antonius*.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
 The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes own blade, her fowle reproches spoke,
 Fayre *Sthenobæa*, that her selfe did choke
 With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
 High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
 Of *Aspes* sting her selfe did stoutly kill: (fill
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralls,
 Which thether were assembled day by day,
 From all the world after their wofull falles,
 Through wicked pride, and wasted welthes decay.
 But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay
 Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly thrown themselues into these heauy stowres.

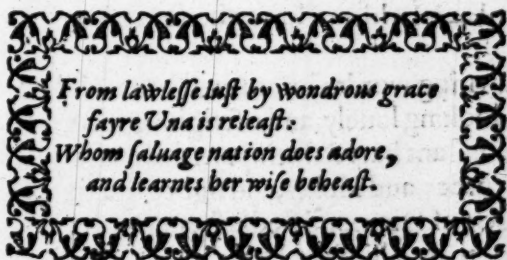
Whose case whenas the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight
 Vnto his maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,

But

But earely rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discouered had the world to heauen wyde,
 He by a priuy Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no enuious eyes he more be spyde:
 For doubtlesse death enfewed, if any him descryde.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corfes, like a great Lay-stall
 Of mured men which therein strowed lay,
 Without remorse, or decent funerall:
 Which al through that great Princeesse pride did fall
 And came to shamefull end. And them besyde
 Forth ryding vnderneath the castell wall,
 A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde,
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

Can. VI.



AS when a ship, that flies fayre vnder sayle,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet indoubt ne dares
 To ioy at his foolhappie ouersight:
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
 Hauing escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
 The fayre *Dues* had forst him leaue behind;
 And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
 Her truth had staynd with treason so vnkind;
 Yet cryme in her could neuer creature find,
 But for his loue, and for her own selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
 Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
 Till her vnwares the fiers *Sansloy* did ouertake.

Who after *Archimagos* fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forest wilde,
 And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures wilde.
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
 Her to persuaide, that stubborne fort to yilde:
 For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
 And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile:
 But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhorre,
 As rock of Diamond stedfast euermore.
 Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
 He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
 Then gan her beautie shyne, as brightest skye,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes so fayle,
 And subtile engines bett from batteree,
 With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,

And

And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah heauens, that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames vpo that Paynim bold?

The pitteous mayden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phæbus* flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall providence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd;
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far a way
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old *Syluanns* slept in shady arber fownd,

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament,
Vnto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging *Sarazin* espyde,
A rude, mishappen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,
There find the virgin doolfull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and sayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her vnhappie state,
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

She more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And euery tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell
A feely Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A Lyon spies fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quitt from death yet quakes in euery lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull! fitt assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The saluage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheades with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror all a syde doe lay,
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ,
Her single person to their barbarous truth,
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th,

They

They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie souerayne,
Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowly playne, (sayne.
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time;
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all as glad, as birdes of ioyous Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her, as Queene, with oliue girlond croud.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled Echo ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring;
Who with the noyse awaked, commeth out,
To weete the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
And with an yuie twyne his waste is girt about,

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,
Or *Cybeles* franticke rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
The God himselte vewing that mirthour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne fayre *Dryope* now he thinkes not faire,
And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
 And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
 Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see,
 But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
 Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue
 His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this,
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy
 Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse;
 For grieue whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
 But pynd away in anguill and selfewild annoy.

The woody Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*
 Her to behold do thether runne apace,
 And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,
 Flocke all about to see her louely face:
 But when they vewed haue her heavenly grace,
 They enuy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
 But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd,
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that saluage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseryes,

During

During which time her gentle wit she plyes;
 To teach them truth, which worship her in vaine,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
 Fro her own worship, they her Aile would worship fayn.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
 By iust occasion to that Forrest came,
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
 From whence he tooke his weldeferued name:
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might,
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,
 But in vaine glorious frayes he lide did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in Forrest wyld,
 By straunge aduenture as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Fayre *Thyamis* the daughter of *Labryde*,
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To *Therion*, a loofe vnruely swayne;
 Who had more ioy to raunge the Forrest wyde,
 And chase the saluage beast with busie payne,
 Then serue his Ladies loue, & waste in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with lones longing burne,
 And could not lacke her louers company,
 But to the wood she goes, to serue her tyme,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde,
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did vnbinde,
 And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captiue to his sensuall desyre,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy vnto that saluage syre:
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
 For ranfome leauing him the late-borne childe;
 Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
 He noursled vp in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wild beastes and woods, from laues of men

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
 And eke wyld roring Bulls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backs not made to beare;
 And the Robuckes in flight to ouertake,
 That euerie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,
 That his owne syre and maister of his guise
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to prouoke: for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leaueroaring, when in rage he for reuenge did earne.

And for to make his powre approued more,
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;

The A

The Antelope, and Wolfe both ~~swift and cruell;~~ *hierce & fell*
And them constrain in equall tyme to draw,
Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his behest they feared, as a tyrans law.

His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of me leaue off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught,
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Defyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge aduentures sought:
In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown

Yet euermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Vnto those natie woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and offspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
Sraunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around
Trew sacred lore, which frō her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wisdom heuently rare,
Whose like in womens witt he neuer knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes few,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And leard her discipline of faith and verity.

But she all vowd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguith did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in priuy wise
To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent;
Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
How with that peniue Maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
To doe their seruice to *Syluanns* old,
The gentle virgin left behinde alone
He led away with corage stout and bold.

Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
Or euer hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the wods are past, & come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,
They traueild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse,
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome trauell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traueild many a sommers day,
Through boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Inde*;
And in his hand a *Jacobs* staffe, to stay
His weary limbs vpon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of aduentures new;
But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd.
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
Ay me, Deare dame (qd. he) well may I rew
To tell the sad sight, which mine eies haue red:
These eies did see that knight both liuing, and eke ded.

That cruell word her tender hart so thirld,
 That suddein cold did ronne through euery vaine,
 And stony horror all her fences fild
 With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
 Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden griefe;
 The lesser pang can beare, who hath endur'd the chief.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunft this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I euer rewe,
 To see two knights in trauell on my way
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrow,
 That dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.
 What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slain with Paynim

Ah dearest Lord (qd. she) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?
 Ah dearest dame (qd. hee) how migh I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest?
 Not far away (qd. she) he hence doth wonne
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him leste (were cleft.
 Wasling his bloody wounds, that through the Steele

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse oppress,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast,
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas

Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Euen he it was, that earst would haue suppress
Faure *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him deside.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
Faure knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching vp in hast his three square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborn Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreak vpon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for hauing blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I neuer slew,
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
Th'enchauter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope now prouen trew.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fierfly to assaile
Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate & maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pittie any liuing cie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death: both chose to win, or die.

So

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
 That suddain cold did ronne through euery vaine,
 And stony horroure all her sences fild
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 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him leste (were cleft.
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the stele

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 Whiles *Vicia* with huge heauinesse oppress,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas

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IRREGULAR PAGINATION.

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 To thunder blowes, and fierly to assaile
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate & maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any liuing cie.
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
 But floods of blood could not them satiffie:
 Both hongred after death: both chose to win, or die.

So

So long they fight, and full reuenge pursue,
That fainting each, them selues to breathen lett,
And otte refreshed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with ranceling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
Til breathlesse both them selues aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierfly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
By this sad *Vna* fraught with anguish sore, (thrown:
Led with their noise, which through the aire was
Arriu'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And leste the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

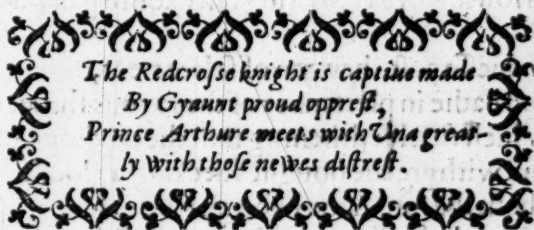
O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?

Most

Most fencelesse man he, that him selfe doth hate,
 To loue another. Lo then for thine ayd
 Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
 So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leasing told,
 Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray:
 But when he saw the Damsell passe away
 He left his stond, and her purslewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Cant. VII.



VVhat man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
 To seeme like truth, whose shape the well can faine,
 And sitting gestures to her purpose frames;
 The guilelesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
 The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidessaes* name.

Who when returning from the dreery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left, the noble Redcrofs knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went; to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trebling leaues full gently playes
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd,
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes vnkynnd,
Vpbraid, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet.
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasure of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,
Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* fauor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: one day when *Phæbe* fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:

The

The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and flow,
And all that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeting was,
And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas;
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle:
His chaunged powres at first them selues not felt,
Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a feuer fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd, (bownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Else therewith astownd,
Vpstart lightly from his looser make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geaunt horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed,
His liuing like saw neuer liuing eye,
Ne durst behold his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,
 And blustering *AEolus* his boasted fyre,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
 And filld her hidden caues with stormie yre,
 That she conceiu'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women doe expyre,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
 Puft vp with emptie wynd, and filld with sinfull cryme.

So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne,
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse: his stalking steps are stayde
 Vpon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

That when the knight he spyde, he gan aduance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prauce,
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse; all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could haue ouerthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heuenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:

But

But he was wary of that deadly flowre,
And lightly lept from vnderneath the blow
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre
That with the winde it did him ouerthrow,
And all his sences stoond, that still he lay full low.

As when that diuelish yron Engin wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiueth fyre, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smok,
That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
(stroke.

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heauie hand he heaued vp on hye,
And him to dust thought to haue battred quight,
Vntill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye;
O great *Orgoglio*, greatest vnder skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslaue make,
And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayneso goodly guerdon, as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make.
Then vp he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Doungeon deep him threw without remorse.
From

From that day forth *Dueſſa* was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
 He gaue her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall maiestye:
 Then for to make her dteaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
 Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
 Long softred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whose many heades out budding euer new,
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew:
 But this same Monster much more vgly was;
 For seuen great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in blood, his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of heuenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The euerburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
 And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread,
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
 Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seuenfold head
 He sett the false *Dueſſa*, for more aw and dread.

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
 And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
 When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,

His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maillesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not trauaile long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull *Vnamet*,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
Would faine haue dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recovering hart, he does begin
To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And euerie tender part does tosse and turne;
So hardly he the fittid life does win,
Vnto her natie prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament & mourne.

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds vnfold,
The which my life and loue together ryde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through euerie side,
And let eternall night so sad fro me hyde.

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest *saue*,
 First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon droue,
 Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
 And shut vp heauens windowes shyning wyde,
 For earthly sight can nought but sorow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde,
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly need.

Then downe againe she fell vnto the ground;
 But he her quickly reared vp againe:
 Thrife did she sinke adowne in deadly swound,
 And thrife he her reuiu'd with busie paine:
 At last when life recouer'd had the raine,
 And ouer-wrestled his strong enimy,
 With soltring tong, and trembling euerie vaine,
 Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedy,
 The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;
 Thy sad tong cannot tell more heauy plight,
 Then that I seele, and harbour in mine hart:
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare ech part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound,
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
 If lesse, then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
 The subtile traines of *Archimago* old;
 The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* fayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold:
 The

The wretched payre transform'd to treea mould;
 The house of *Pryde*, and perilles round about;
 The combat, which he with *Sansfoy* did hould;
 The lucklesse conflict with the *Gyaunt stout*,
 Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all vnto the end,
 And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay,
 Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
 And loue fresh coles vnto her fire did lay:
 For greater loue, the greater is the losse.
 Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,
 Then she did loue the knight of the *Rederose*;
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

At last when seruent sorrow slaked was,
 She vp arose, resolving him to find
 Aliue or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the Dwarfes the way to her assynd:
 And euer more in constant carefull mind
 She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale;
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
 High ouer hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
 Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray,
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious
 G 2 And

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights,
 And stroue for to amaze the weaker sights;
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yuory sheath, ycaru'd with curious sights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
 Of mother perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse, and great terroure bredd,
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spredd
 His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd
 Close couched on the beuer, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
 That suddeine horroure to faint hartes did show;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Vpon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bounch of heares discoloured diuersly,
 With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity,
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene *Selinis* all alone,
 With blossoms braue bedecked daintily;
 Her tender locks do tremble euery one
 At euerie little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;
 Nor made of steeld, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene:

But

But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it neuer percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

The same to wight he neuer wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That *Phæbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay
And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds,
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deedes.
It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell
All liuing wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell,
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be scene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmeful head, thrife heated in the fire,
 Had riuen many a brest with pikehead square;
 A goodly person, and could menage faire,
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
 Who vnder him did amble as the aire,
 And chaufft, that any on his backe should sitt;
 The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With louely court he gan her entertainē;
 But when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
 Which to allay and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose faire,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray; (say.
 Wherewith enmoud, these bleeding words she gan to

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach
 Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
 Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip vp grieffe, where it may not auaille,
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

Ah Lady deare, qd. then the gentle knight,
 Well may I ween, your grief is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.

But

But woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by aduice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O but (qd. she) great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought, then said.
Right so (qd. he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aid.
But griefe (qd. she) does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
Despaire breeds not (qd. he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast (qd. she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (qd. he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which loue and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And said faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquer the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies haue scene
The laughing stocks of fortunes mockeries,
Am th'onely daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare whiles equal destinies,
Did come about, and their felicities
The fauourable heauens did not enuy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which *Phisom* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually.

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in fight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
With murderous rauine, and deuouring might
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight
Themselues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now fowr years besieged to make the thrall.

Full many knights aduenturous and stout
Haue enterprizd that Monster to subdew;
From euery coast that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous harde archieuements still pursew,
Yet neuer any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty haue bin.

At last yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raise,
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of *Gloriane* I sped,
Of *Gloriane* great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat *Cleopolis* is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubred knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliuer might.

It was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh vnproued knight,
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had neuer beene, ne euer by his might

Had

Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his deuouring speare,
Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare,
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disauenturous deare:
O heauie record of the good *Redcrosse*, (tossed)
Where haue yee left your lord, that could so well you

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captiue languor should redeeme,
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme
That rather death desire, then such despight,
Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lou'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forfooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselte betooke,
Where neuer foote of liuing wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
Inueigled him to follow her desires vnmeete.

At last by subtil sleights she him betraid
 Vnto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall,
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
 Vnwares surprised, and with mighty mall
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold;
 And now in darke some dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold;
 This is my cause of grieve, more great, then may be told.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
 Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take:
 For till I haue acquitt your captiue knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
 His chearefull words reuiu'd her cheareleste spright,
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe the guiding euer right.

Cant. VIII.

*Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
 Brings Arthure to the fight:
 Who slayes that Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
 And strips Duesia quight.*

AY me, how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all:

Her

Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he thorough his own foolish pride,
Or weaknes is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands haue dyde,
For whose deliuerance she this Prince doth thether guyd.

They sadly traucild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse ly,
Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
The nohle knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardses that castle wall;
Whose gates he fownd fast thutt, ne liuing wight
To warde the same, nor answer commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders ouer all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approued bene in vses manifold.

Was neuer wight, that heard that shrilling sounde,
But trembling feare did feel in euery vaine;
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And Ecchoes three aunswerd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And euery dore of freewill open flew:
 The Gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
 Where he with his *Duesse* dalliaunce fownd.
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre,
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
 (powre.

And after him the proud *Duesse* came,
 High mounted on her many headed beast,
 And euery head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And euery head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
 Vpon his manly arme he soone adrest,
 And at him fierly flew, with corage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through euery member thrid.

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
 Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high disdaine,
 And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
 All armd with ragged snubbes and knottrie graine,
 Him thought at first encounter to haue slaine.
 But wist and wary was that noble Pere,
 And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
 Did fayre auoide the violence him nere;
 It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might,
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
 Did fall to ground, and with his heauy sway

So deeply dinted in the driest clay,
That three yards deepe a furew, vp did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did growe full grieuous vnderneath the blow, (show.
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake
As when almightie Ioue in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundering dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers three forked ongin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, castes vp a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not reare vp againe so light,
But that the knight him at aduantage fownd,
And whiles he stroue his combed clubbe to quight,
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott of his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriu'd of native might,
Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling fownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe,
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmuring. *murmur ring*
That

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
 The euill stownd, that daungerd her estate,
 Vnto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with blood of late
 Came ramping forth with proud presumpuous gait,
 And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
 But him the Squire made quickly to reuiue,
 Encountring fiers with single sword in hand,
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
 And fiers disdaine, to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might
 That stop out of the way to ouerthroe,
 Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
 But nathemore would that corageous Iwayne
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angric witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,
 Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inner partes,
 Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded hartes,
 Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes;
 Therewith his sturdie corage soone was quayed,
 And all his sences were with suddain dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
 That life nigh crused out of his panting brest:
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.

That

That when the carefull knight gan well auise,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprife,
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squire into such chardom brought.

And high aduancing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so fore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And ouerflowed all the field arownd;
That ouer shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his griued hed
His gorgeous ryder from her lostie sted
Would haue cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erst;
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to ouerthrow:
The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low (blow?
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous
And

And in his fall his shield, that couered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew:
 The light whereof, that heuens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to view,
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaued was on hye,
 For to haue slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazz
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd
 That downe he tumbled on the durtye field,
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Vnto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call,
 O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or els we perish all.

At her so pitteous cry was much amou'd,
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd:
 But all in vaine: for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Them selues in vaine: for since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no poure to hurt, nor to defend;
 As where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the fences quight.

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new adrest,
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That

That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene Steele nigh-hewen be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious flight
Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,
And yields it selfe vnto the victours might;
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall Steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But soone as breath out of her brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

Whose grieuous fall, when false *Duess*a spyde,
Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde;
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
But leauing all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his descrued pray.

The roiall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensue plight, and sad perplexitie,
The whole archieument of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake;
Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of cheualrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?

And you fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and seruice euermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vsure.

But sith the heauens, and your faire handling
Haue made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,
And well begonne end all so well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the Castle entred forcibly,

Where

Where liuing creature none he did espye;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to answer to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence ouer all, (hall.
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnused rust did ouergrow:
Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

But very vncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
For as he forward mooud his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face,
Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

His reuerend heares and holy grauitee
The knight much honord, as befeemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytiue thrall; againe he sayde,
He could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered,
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
And said, Old fyre, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it fits with that same siluer hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
Aread in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keys, and made him selfe free enterance,
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold,
And did with store of euery thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were flaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, caru'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyres often doen to dye,

With

With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great grieve were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous
(mone.

Through euery rowme he sought, and euerie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came vnto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if lining wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These piteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying euery stound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three Moones haue chāged thrice their hew,
And haue beene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

Which whē that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horror ran through euery ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron doore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed cuer forth a filthie banefull smell.

But net her darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, vnhabable to vphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare,
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

His sad dull eies deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceiued of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawn'd bows
Were wont to riue steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his flesh thrunk vp like withered flowres.

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, Ah dearest Lord, what euill starre
On you hath frownd, and pou'd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your māly looks doth marre?

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day;
And sic on Fortune mine auowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selues doe now alay.

And

And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils priefe.
The chearelesse man, whom sorow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Henceforth Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might;
Loe wher your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or die.
To doe her die (qd. Vna) were despight,
And shame t'auenge so weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoild her tire and call,
Such as she was, their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill fauoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told,

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And as in hate of honorable eld,
Was ouergrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would haue loathd all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write,
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight,
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight,
The other like a beares vneuen paw:
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

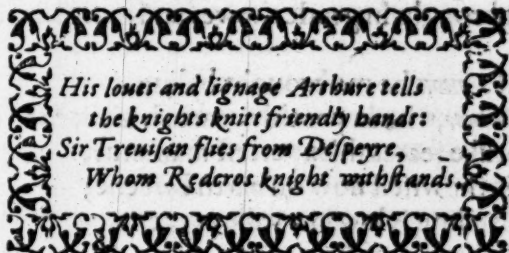
Which when the knights beheld, amazzd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
Of fowle *Ducssa*, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies vnknowne.

Shee flying fast from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernessse apace,
From liuing eies her open shame to hide,

And

And lurkt in rocks and caues long vnespide,
 But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they fownd of al, that daintry was and rare.

Cant. IX.



O Goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
 The vertues linked are in louely wize:
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
 In braue poursuitt of cheualrous emprise,
 That none did others safety despize,
 Nor aid enuy to him, in need that stands,
 But friendly each did others praise deuize,
 How to aduaunce with fauourable hands, (bands.
 As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcrosse* knight from

Who when their powres empayrd through labor long,
 With dew repast they had recured well,
 And that weake captine wight now waxed strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their adventures fell,
 But ere they parted, *Vna* faire besought
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell,
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die vnkown, & buried be in thankles thought.

Faie

Faire virgin (said the Prince) yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witte:
For both the lignage and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed heuens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
And streight deliuered to a Fary knight,
To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'expertest man aliue,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Vnder the foot of *Rauran* mossy hore,
From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleene
His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my daies he trained mee vp in vertuous lore.

Thether the great magicien *Merlin* came,
As was his vse, oft times to visitt mee
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to ouersee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring.
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand.
But what aduenture, or what high intent
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,

Aread Prince *Arthure*, crowne of Martiall band;
Full hard it is (qd. he) to read aright
The course of beauenly cause, or vnderstand
The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of liuing

For whether he through fatal deepe foresight
Me hither sent, for cause to me vnghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riuen brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
Ah courteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground?

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne euer will their feruent fury flake,
Till liuing moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sitheas silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
I will reuele, what ye so much desire:
Ah Loue, lay down thy bow, that whiles I may respyre

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first that cole of kindly heat appears
To kindle loue in euery liuing brest;
But me had warnd old *Glens* wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,
As miserable louers vse to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.

That

Timons

That ydle name of loue, and louers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy
I euer scornd, and ioyd to stirre vp strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay want to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grioud at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary gouernment.

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so fownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or vnawares at disauantage fownd:
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly grownd:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes, in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud auenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
For on a day prickt forth with iollitee
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh at me, and fauour mine intent.

For wearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:

Whiles

Whiles euery sence the humout sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So sayre a creature yet saw neuer sunny day.

Most goodly glee and louely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me loue her deare;
For dearly sure her loue was to me bent,
As when iust time expired should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart so raiuisht with delight,
Ne liuing man like wordes did euer heare,
As she to me deliuered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faries high,

When I awoke, and found her place deuoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much, as earst I ioyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lou'd that face diuyn;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seeke her out with labor, and long tyne,
And neuer vowd to rest, till her I fynd,
Nyne monethes I seek in vain yet ni'll that vow vnbynd.

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he stroue to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan say,
O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd:
True Loues are ofte sown, but seldom grow on grownd
Thine

Thine, O then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
Next to that Ladies loue, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin, full of heauenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmeest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace:
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe
Yf liuing man mote worthie be, to be her lief.

So diuersly discourfing of their loues,
The golden Sunne his glistering head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoues,
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
Als *Vna* earnd her traueill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
And loue establisth each to other trew,
Gaued goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince *Arthur* gaue a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clost few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wovnd could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Saucours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to saue.

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To seeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
With *Vna*s foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,

And

And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursue,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recouered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they traueild, lo they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grieously thing, that him aghast.
Still as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd;
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had braist,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had beene a foie of *Pegasus* his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To bee vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares
Vpstarting stiffe, dismayd with vncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knight hoodes fayre degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistering armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid,
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliuer might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
For neuer knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
 Internall furies, with their chaines vntyde.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake
 The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde,
 But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (shake.
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, doe me not stay;
 For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
 Eft looking back would faine haue runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie,
 Yett nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
 Could his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach,
 Yett forst, at last he made through silēce suddein breach.

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
 From him, that would haue forced me to dye?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history?
 Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye?
 Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
 (Said he) the which with this vnlucky eye
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace
 Me rest from it, had bene partaker of the place.

I lately chaunst (Would I had neuer chaunst)
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
 Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduaunst
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free,

But

But not so happy as more happy bee:
He lou'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lou'd in the least degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that call himselfe *Despayre*;
Who first vs greets; and after sayre arcedes
Of tydings strange; and of aduentures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes;

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboist with bale, and bitter byring griefe,
Which loue had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule reprice,
He pluckt from vs all hope of dew reliefe;
That cast vs held in loue of lingring life;
Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade vs dye, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull louer, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth liuing breath.
But I more fearefull, or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

How may a man (said he) with idle speech,
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealeth
Into the heart, and searcheth euery vaine,
That ere one ~~he~~ aware, by secret stealth
His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine.
O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Certes (sayd he) hence shall I neuer rest,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tryde;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me vnto his cabin guyde.
I that hight *Trenisan* (quoth he) will ryde
Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
Far vnderneath a craggy clift yplight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy graue,
That still for carrion carcases doth craue:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle & howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruite, nor lease was euer seene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,

Whose

Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arriu'd there,
That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th'other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

That darke some caue they enter, where they find
That curst man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his fullein mind,
His grieſie lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine,
Were thronke into his iawes, as he did neuer dyne.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay vpon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale, that *Trevisan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
With ſirie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to auenge, before his blood were cold,
And to the villein ſayd; Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact, we here behold,
What iuſtice can but iudge againſt thee right, (ſight.
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here ſhed in

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?
 What iustice euer other iudgement taught,
 But he should dye, who merites not to liue?
 None els to death this man despayring driue,
 But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.
 Is then vniust to each his dew to giue
 Or let him dye, that loatheth liuing breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liueth here vneath?

Who trauailes by the wearie wandring way,
 To come vnto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him ouer past,
 Or free his feet, that in the myresticke fast?
 Most enuious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
 And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Vpon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternall rest,
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and craue,
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 What if some little payne the passage haue,
 That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter waue?
 Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

The knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
 And sayd, The terme of life limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
 The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
 Nor

Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almightie doome,
(Quoth he) knowes best the termes establisht;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne;
In heauen and earth? did not he all create,
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are writtten sure, and haue their certein date.
Who then can strue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie? (why.
Whē houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and blood-shed, and auengement,
Now prayst, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy euill life forespent?
For he, that once hath missed the right way.
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to preuent, that life enswen may.
For what hath life, that may it loued make,
And giues not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And euer fickle fortune rageth rise,
All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state:
 For neuer knight, that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless dissauntures did amate:
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shutt vp, for death so oft did call;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then, would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which heareafter thou maist happen fall.

Why then doest thou, O man off sin, desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped vp with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falselt hast thy faith with periuree,
 And sold thy selfe to serue *Duessa* wild,
 With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 From highest heuen, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy sins vp in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let euery sinner die:
 Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger, till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faries sonne.

The knight was much enmoued with his speech,
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all, that he did reherse,

And

And to his fresh remembraunce did reuerse,
The vgly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the Miscraunt
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
To driue him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand seends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And euer burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villein him to ouercrow,
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was scene
To come, and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last resolu'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

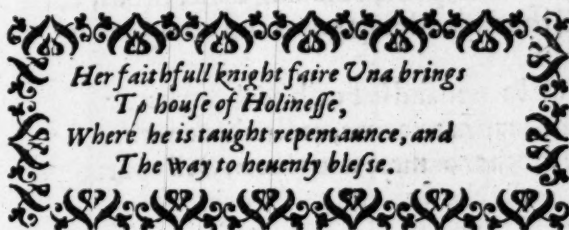
Which whenas *Vna* heard, through euery vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but soone reliu'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,
And to him said, Fie fie, faint hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne diuelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright,
In heauenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greter grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight arise, and leaue this cursed place.

So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight.
VVhich when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
VVould safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, vnbid vnblest.
But death he could not worke him selfe thereby;
For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
Yet nathelasse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Cant.

Cant. X.



What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fildes most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that, which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouerned was, and guided euermore,

Through

Through wisdom of a matrone graue and hore;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought
 From heauen to come, or thether to arise,
 The mother of three daughters, well vpbrought
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But faire *Charissa* to a louely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arriued there, the dore they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
 The Porter opened vnto them streight way:
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight *Humilité*. They passe in stouping low;
 For streight & narrow was the way, which he did shew.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
 But entred in a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine, and pleasaunt to be walked in,
 VVhere them does meete a francklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
 His name was *Zelee*, that him right well became,
 For in his speeches and behaueour hee
 Did labour liuely to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.
 There

There fayrely them receiues a gentle Squire,
Of myld demeanure, and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reuerence*. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple trew, and eke vnfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
Who all this while was busy at her beades:
Which doen, she vp arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace,
Where when that fairest *Vna* she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heuently race,
Her heart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heuently berth,
That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceassest not thy weary soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hether stray?

Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hether turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:

All

All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
O foolish men, why hast ye to your owne decay?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hether came,
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heuen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies, that she could deuysie,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of fondrie things deuise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred euen steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heuens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horror made to all, that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be vnderstood.

Her

Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her beſeemed well;
 Not all ſo chearefull ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
 As was her ſiſter; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguiſh in her hart, is hard to tell:
 Vpon her arme a ſiluer anchor lay,
 Whereon ſhe leaſed euer, as biſell:
 And euer vp to heuē, as ſhe did pray,
 Her ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarued other way.
 They ſeeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courteſee;
 Many kind ſpeeches they betwene them ſpend;
 And greatly ioy each other for to ſee:
 Then to the knight with ſhamefaſt modeſtie,
 They turne them ſelues, at *Vnaes* meeke requeſt,
 And him ſalute with well beſeeming glees,
 Who faire them quites, as him beſeemed beſt,
 And goodly gan diſcourſe of many a noble geſt.
 Then *Vna* thus; But ſhe your ſiſter deare,
 The deare *Chariffa* where is ſhe becomed
 Or wants ſhe health, or buſie is elſwhere?
 Ah no, ſaid they, but forth ſhe may not come:
 For ſhe of late is lightned of her wombe,
 And hath encreaſt the world with one ſonne more,
 That her to ſee ſhould be but troubleſome.
 Indeed (quoth ſhe) that ſhould be trouble ſore,
 But thank be God, and here encreaſe ſo euer more.
 Then ſaide the aged *Calia*, Deare dame,
 And you good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,
 And labors long, through which yehether came,
 Ye both forweariſt be; therefore a while
 I read

I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledde
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully aredd.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refreshed with dew repast,
Fayre *Vna* gan *Fidelia* fayre request,
To haue her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes diuine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade, except she did them teach,
She vnto him disclosed euery whitt,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could neuer reach,
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speech:
For she was hable, with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the harr, that she did thrill,

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heuens height;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund, themselues to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat. (great)
Almightie God her gaue such powre, and puissance

The

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heuently grace;
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeud with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde, to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes,

But wise *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes so great, and manifold
Made him forget all, that *Fidelia* told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leaue to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity

And came to *Calia* to declare her smarr,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all, that she might,
With goodly counsell and aduisement right,
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of griued conscience,
And well could cure the same; His name was *Patience*.

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat, to tell his griefs;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
Well searcht, chesoones he gan apply relief.

Of salues and medicines, which had passing priefe,
 And there to added wordes of wondrous might,
 By which to ease he him recured briefe,
 And much as wag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption, and infected sin,
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
 And festring fore did ranckle yett within,
 Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin,
 Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
 Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
 Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
 And with streight diet tame his stubborn malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
 And dieted with fasting euery day,
 The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
 And made him pray both earely and eke late:
 And euer as superfluous flesh did rott
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
 That soone in him was lefte no, one corrupted iott.

And bitter *Penalunce* with an yron whip,
 Was wont him once to disple euery day:
 And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play,
 And sad *Repentance* vsed to embay,
 His blamefull body in salt water fore,
 The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore (dore.
 The man that would not liue, but erst lay at deathes

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist, his cryme could els be neuer cleare.

Whom thus recouer'd by wise Patience,
And trew *Repentaunce* they to *Vna* brought;
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest,
By this *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her fayre *Vna* brought this vnacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare;
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were euer open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak & young,
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:

K

And

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
 Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
 Of turtle doues, she sitting in an yuory chayre.

The knight and *Vna* entring, fayre her greet,
 And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
 Who them requites with court'lies seeming meet,
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then *Vna* her besought, to be so good,
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood,
 In that sad house of *Penance*, where his spright
 Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right ioyious of her iust request,
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
 Gan him instruct in euerie good behest,
 Of loue, and righteousnes, and well to donne,
 And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
 And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
 In which when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heauē she teacheth him the ready path,

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober looks her wisdom well descryde:
 Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
 To leade aright, that he should neuer fall
 In all his waies through this wide worldes waue,
 That *Mercy* in the end his righteous soule might saue.

The

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remou'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did vpbear,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

Estfoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seuen Bead-men that had vowed all
Their life to seruice of high heauens king
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
There gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were trauciling,
And one sate wayting euer them before,
To call in-commers by, that needie were and pore.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and gouernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to giue entertainment
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraîne:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once him selfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare clothes to giue he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd hell with heauie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly
(bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that liuing we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man haue mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corfes to engraue,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heauenly spouse both sweet and braue
They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue:
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made, all beastes to feare, and gaue
All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

The seuenth now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And wydowes ayd, least they should be vndone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin knight arriued was,
The first and chiefeft of the seuen, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas:
Where seeing *Mercie*, that his steps vpbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reuerence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefeft foundereffe.

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee:
During which time, in euery good behest
And godly worke of Almes and charitee

Shee him instructed with great industrie;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first vnto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his deuotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heuently *Contemplation*;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often saw from heauens hight,
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As Eagles eie, that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh weary, and fordonne
Can faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And euery sinew seen through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long vnfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chaste.

Who

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agriued sore,
That forst him lay his heuently thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the knight.
They him saluted standing far afore;
VWho well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight.

What end (qd. she) should cause vs take such paine,
But that same end, which euey liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres, and euerliuing fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise *Fidelia*? shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

Thrise happy man, said then the father graue,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue.
Who better can the way to heauen aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heuently throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the maiesty diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemency incline.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That neuer yet was seene of Faries sonne,
That neuer leads the traueiler astray,

But after labors long, and sad delay,
Bring them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And haue her strength recur'd fr om fraile infirmitis.

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies vpon; where writt in stone
VVith bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flashing fire about him thone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Oliues all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
For euer with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heuently notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, far off he vnto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high & strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend.
 From highest heauen, in glad some companee,
 And with great ioy into that Citty wend,
 As commonly as frend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres vnto the starry sphere,
 And what vnknown nation there empled were.

Faire knight (qd. hē) *Hierusalem* that is,
 The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built
 For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
 His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt,
 With piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On curst tree, of that vnspotted lam,
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
 Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
 More dear vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

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pretious

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
 That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue beene,
 In which that fairest *Fary Queene* doth dwell
 The fairest Citty was, that might be seene;
 And that bright towre all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing, that was:
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
 For this great Citty that does far surpas, (glas.
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
 Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
 The fairest peece, that eie beholden can:
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,

⁺
frame

That

That couett in th'immortall booke offame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their seruice to that soueraigne Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
 For she is heuently borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How euer now accompted Elfins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy seruice for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate foredonne.
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
 For blood can nought but sin, & wars but sorrows yield.

Then seek this path, that I to thee preface,
 Which after all to heauen shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same *Hierusalem* doe bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
 For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And Patrone: thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victorce.

Vnworthy wretch (qd. he) of so great grace,
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine:
 These that haue it attaynd, were in like cace
 As wretched men, and liued in like paine.
 But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
 And Ladies loue to leaue so dearly bought?
 What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
 (Said he) and bitter battailes all ate fought?
 As for loose loues they are vaine, & vanish into nought,
 O let

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are,
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quitt.

Then shall I soone, (qd. he) so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
That word shall I (said he) auouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of *Saxon* kinges, that haue with mightie hand
And many bloody battailes fought in face
High reard their royall throne in *Britans* land
And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting rest,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left. (these.
Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries

Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toyle some tyme that way did guyde,

And

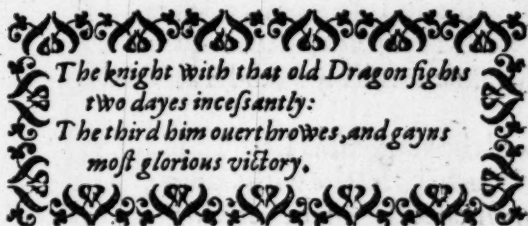
And brough thee vp in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof *Georges* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Fary court thou cam'st to seeke for fame, (came.
And proue thy puiffaunt armes, as seemes thee best be-

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many fauours I with thee haue fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bownd?
This faide, adowne he looked to the grownd,
To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through passing brightnes, which did quite cōfound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

At last whenas himfelfe he gan to fynd,
To *Vna* back he cast him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensiue mynd.
Great thanks and goodly meed to that good fyre,
He thens departing gaue for his paynes hyre.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioyd to see,
And after litle rest, gan him desyre,
Of her aduenture myndfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of *Cælia*, and her daughters three.

Cant.

Cant XI.



High time now gan it wex for *Vna fayre*,
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake;
Deare knight, as deare, as euer knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heuen behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natiue soyle,
And to the place, where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore henceforth becat your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell,
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And striue your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye euermore renowmed make,
About all knights on earth, that batteill yndertake.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espyde,
Where

Where stretcht he lay vpon the sunny side,
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
 But all so soone, as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes, that heuen with light did fill,
 Herould himselfe full blyth, and hastned them vntill.

Then badd the knight this Lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill her selfe withdraw asyde,
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
 She him obeyd, and turnd a litle wyde,
 Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Fayre ympe of *Phæbus*, and his aged bryde,
 The Nourse of time, and euerlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage,
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd;
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe neuer he so sownd,
 And feared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre Goddesse lay that furious sitt asyde,
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* doe sing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horror heuen and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
 But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land;
And made wide shadow vnder his huge waste;
As mountaine doth the valley ouercaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath, & poyson, & with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated core of Steele, so couched neare, (harmd
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse bee
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare,
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send vnto the knight.

His flaggy winges when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards, with flying canuas kynd,
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted passage fynd,
The clowdes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heuens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wound vp in hundred foldes,
Does ouerspred his long bras-sealy back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when euer he vnfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted

Bespotted all with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden farre.

But stinges and sharpest Steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his rauinous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell,
Does tremble: for his deepe deuouring iawes
Wyde gaped, like the grieſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyſſe all rauin fell,

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fyre;
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far of to euery shyre,
And warning giue, that enemies conspyre,
With fire and sword the region to inuade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But far within, as in a hollow glade, (shade.
Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull
So

So dreadfully he towardes him did pass,
Forelising vp a loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyauce of his new come guest.
Eftsoones he gan aduance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the *Redcrosse* knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele arriuing rudely there,
His harder hyde would nether perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by soorth passed forward right,
Yet sore amoued with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did brush (rush.
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him address:
But th'ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious beast,
To be auenged of so great despight;
For neuer felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force, from hand of liuing wight:
Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then with his wauing wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly duryde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found

Her

Her sitting parts, and element vnfound,
 To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
 At last low stouping with vnweldy sway,
 Snatcht vp both horse & man, to beare the quite away.

Long he them bore about the subiect plaine,
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne,
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagar d hauke presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle, about his habile might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To trusse the pray too heauy for his flight; (fight.
 Which comming down to ground, does free it selfe by

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength vnto the stroake he layd;
 Wherewith the stiffe beaine quaked, as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
 Close vnder his left wing, then broad displayd.
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the vncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
 The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his reuenge:
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat,
 To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to auenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing riuer of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would driue a water-mill.
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth frō his large nofethril.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striuing to loose the knott, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder: who can quickly ryle
From of the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Vpon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguylde,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparckling Steele recoylde,
And left not any marke, where it did light;

As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight,
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to flye above the ground,
But his late wounded wing vnseruiceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring ouen sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

Nor that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* blood, and bloody verses charmd,
As did this knight twelue thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie Steele now burnt, that erst him armd,
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, griened, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
That neuer man such mischiefes did torment,
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will neuer come, when needes require,
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortun'd (as fayre it then befell,)
Behynd his backe vnweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a siluer flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waues, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For vnto life the dead it could restore;
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excell,
And th'English *Bath*, and eke the german *Spau*,
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this well:
Into the same the knight back ouerthrowen, fell.

Now gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, hauing keft
His wearie foe into that liuing well,
Can high aduaunce his broad discoloured brest,
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensiuë Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,

That feared chauce from her to turne away;
 With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
 All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan carely to appeare,
 That *Titans* rose to runne his daily race;
 But carely ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
 Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loued knight to moue his manly pace:
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw, where he vpstart braue
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,
 Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt him selfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hatke vp mounts vnto the skies,
 His newly budded pineons to aslay,
 And metuelles at him selfe, til as he flies:
 So new this new-borne knight to battrell new did rise.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
 No wonder, if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted, whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight.
 He; now to proue his late renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
 Vpon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
 The deadly dint his dulled fences all dismaid.

I wote not, whether the reuenging Steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensue;
Els neuer could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettrall in his blood embrew:
For till that stownd could neuer wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor flight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom rauinous hunger did thereto constrain:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same aduauncing high aboue his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle short
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder scald,
VWhere fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseald,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeald.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grienous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And stroue to loose the far infixid sting:

Which when in vaine he tryde with struggling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte,
Fiue ioints thereof he hewd, & but the stump him lefte.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cries,
VVith fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skies,
That all was couered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall,
Vpon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett, how his talaunts to vnfold;
For harder was from *Cerberus* greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reauce by strength, the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fierly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the Anduile vse to fly,
When heauy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to vnty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend threby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield
Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constrain
To loose, ne yet the watlike pledg to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;
Vpon the ioint the lucky Steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For grieve thereof, and diuelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heuens light,
Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew;
As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwraot in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stēch, & heuen with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A litle backward for his best defence,
To saue his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrife.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues ouer all were redd:

For

For happy life to all, which thereon fedd,
And life eke euerlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd,
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Saue in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did ouerthow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who so did eat, eftsfoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory:
That tree through one mās fault hath doen vs all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soueraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And ouerflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the graue.
Into that same he fell: which did from death him saue.

For nigh thereto the euer damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preferued, did derest:
Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night;
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

When

When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, moou'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight, (might
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with fore affright,
And for his safetic gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayre *Aurora* from the dewy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when *Vna* her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred;
From heuen high to chase the chearelesse darke,
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting lark.

Then freshly vp arose the doughty knight;
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight,
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To haue deuourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him aduanced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought at once him to haue swallowd quight,
And rusht vpon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce

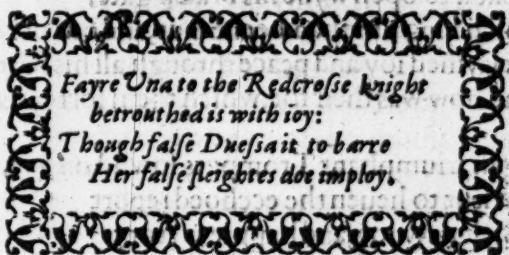
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waues haue washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight him selfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeemd,
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, of-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she prayd, and thankd her faithfull knight,
That had archieude so great a conquest by his might.

Cant.

Cant. XII.



Fayre Una to the Redcrosse knight
betrouthed is with ioy:

Though false Duessa it to barre
Her false sleighes doe imploy.

BEhold I see the haue[n] nigh at hand,
To which I mean my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shore, and beare vp with the land;
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms, that may offend;
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarcely had *Phæbus* in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed reeme,
Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
Vnto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell, how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall,

Vprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet, if trew indeed
Those sydinges were, as he did vnderstand,
Which

Which whenas trew by try all he our fond,
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
 Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his stare;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets sounde on hye,
 That sent to heuen the ecchoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happie victory
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
 And sad habiliments right well beseene;
 A noble crew about them waited rownd
 Of sage and sober Peres, all grauely gownd;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sounde,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
 Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

Vnto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them all dauncing on a row
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
 When morning dew vpon their leaues doth light
 And in their handes sweet Timbrels all vpheld on hight
 And

And them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sounnding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Vntill they came, where that faire virgin stood;
As fayre Diana in freth sommers day,
Beholdes her Nymphes, enchaung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood,

So she beheld those maydens meriment,
With chearefull vew, who when to her they came,
Themselues to ground with gracious humblest bent
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heuen her euerlasting fame:
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in her self-resemblance well besene,
Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment,
But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fledd; some fear'd and well it saynd
One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
Warn'd him, not touch; for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,

Or

Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come to neare, and with his talants play
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand.
So diuersly them selues in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To proue how many acres he did spred of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arriued, where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly grectes, and fayre does entertayne,
With princely gifts of yuory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine;
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
With shaumes, & trompets, & with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street
Whence mounting vp, they fynd purueyaunce meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Be spredd with costly tearlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and sitting purpose frame.

What

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to deuize,
Of comely seruices, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaues cannot in them ~~mayne~~^{con} mayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne:
For th'antique world excesse and pryde did hate;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

Then when with meates and drinkes of euery kinde
Their seruient appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge aduentures, and of perils sad,
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renomed guest:
Who then with vttrance graue, and count'nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate;
Whyles they his pittifull aduentures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheaks.

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise;
Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note, whether praise, or pittie more:

M

For

For neuer liuing man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
 But since now safe ye seised haue the shore,
 And well arriued are, (high God be blest)
 Let vs deuize of ease and euerlasting rest.

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
 Of ease or rest I may not yet deuize;
 For by the faith, which I to armes haue plight,
 I bownden am streight after this emprise,
 As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 And her to serue sixe ycares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud Paynim king, that works her teene:
 Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

Vnhappy falls that hard necessity,
 (Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity;
 Ne I against the same can iustly preace:
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vayne)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeaers shall cease,
 Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
 The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battayle ouercame,
 Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
 Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
 By dew desert of noble cheualree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

Then

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest *Vn'* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light;
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in light:

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
That seemd like silke and siluer wouen neare,
But neither silke nor siluer therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face
To tell, were as to striue against the streame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loued knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestially sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire dight,

So fairly dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reuerence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:

Who with great wisedome, and graue eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

All in the open hall amazed stood,
At suddeinnesse of that vnwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humbleesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake.

To thee, most mighty king of *Eden* fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines adrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be aduized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new vnknownen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another loue, and to another land.

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falsse erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heauens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
And them coniure r'auenge this shamefull iniury.

Therefore

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or liuing or else dead,
Withhold, O souerayne Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakenesse of my widowed, or woe:
For truth is strong, her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth foe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

Fidessa.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late aduenturest;
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What heuens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with termes of loue vnkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With cryme doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answere sent,
My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd

With breach of loue, and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traueild, that vnwares I stayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
That easy was to inueigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts, and wily skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
O pardon me, my soueraine Lord, to shew
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To haue bene wrought by that false forceresse.
Shee onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein she vsed hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discouer plaine,
Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
The falsest man aliue; wo tries shall find no lesse.

The king was greatly moued at her speech,
And all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that saytor false, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains.
And with continual watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden baine,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
With sacred rites and vowes for euer to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for euer can diuide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The houlling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense diuine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,

That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To driue away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of loue and iollity.

During the which there was an heauenly noise
Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
Singing before th' eternall maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yett wist no creature, whence that heuenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reſte of his ſences meet,
And rauished with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſt proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may ſhot be told:
Snffice it heare by ſignes to vnderſtand
The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thriſe happy man the knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And euer, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked enuy, ne vile gealofy
His deare delights were habeto annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of bliſſfull ioy,
He nought forgott, how he whilome had ſworne,
Incaſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene backe to retourne:
The which he ſhortly did, and Vna left to mourne.

Now

Now strike your sailes yee iolly Mariners,
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

Finis Lib. I.





The second Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Guyon.

O R

Of Temperaunce.

Right well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'abundance of an ydle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory,
Sich none, that breatheth liuing aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better sence aduize,
That of the world least part to vs is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discouered,

Which

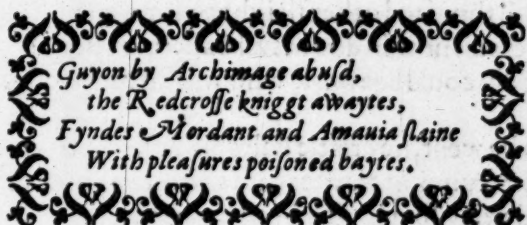
Which to late age were neuer mentioned,
 Who euer heard of th' Indian *Peru*
 Or who in venturous vessell measured
 The *Amazons* huge riuer now found trew
 Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer view.

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
 Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene
 And later times thinges more vnknowne shall show
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
 That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
 What if within the Moones fayre shining spheare
 What if in euery other starre vnseene
 Of other worldes he happily should heare
 He wöder would much more, yet such to some appeare

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire
 By certein signes here sett in sondrie place
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace
 And then O fayrest Princeesse vnder sky
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
 In couert vele and wrap in shadowes light
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold
 Which ells could not endure those beames bright:
 But would bee dazled with exceeding light
 O pardon and vouchsafe with patient care
 The braue aduentures of this faery knight
 The good Sir *Guyon* graciously to heare (peare.
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth ap-
 Cane.

Cant I.



T Hat conning Architect of cancred guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vnderstands,
To beene departed out of *Edens* landes,
To serue againe his soueraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiues handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseene;
His shackles emptie lefte, him selfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischiefe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart sore, and his ouely foe,
Sith *Vns* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To natiue crowne and kingdom late ygoe:
Where she enioyes sure peace for euermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arry'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:

There to

Thereto his subtile engins he does bend
His practick witt, and his fayre fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes: for well he kend,
His credit now in doubt full ballaunce hong;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already strong.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay.
With cunning traynes him to entrap vnwares,
And priuy spyals plait in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
Thar he descryde, and thonned still his slight:
The fish that once was caught, new bait wil hardly byte.

Nath'lesse th'Enchaunter would not spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill:
For to all good he enemy was still.
Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet,
Fayre marching vnderneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenance demure and temperate,
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his natue land,
Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to Fary land.

Him

Him als accompanyd vpon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of ripest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober fyre,
And euer with slow pace the knight did lead, & tread.
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke some vncouth wyle,
Eftsoones vntwisting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guyle,
And with faire countenance and flattering style,
To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
Fayre sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoyle.
And great atchieu'ments great your selfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
Who feigning then in euery limb to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt
With piteous mone his piercing speech gan prync;
Deare Lady how shall I declare thy case,
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt?
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
When that lewd rybald with wyle lust aduaunst
Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,

To

To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
With liuing eye more fayre was neuer seene,
Of chastity and honour virginall:

Witnes ye heauens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

How may it be, sdyd then the knight halfe wroth,
That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent?
None but that saw (qd. he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Mayd he did torment.
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

Therewith amoued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens afford him vitall food?
He liues, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (sayd he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (sayd he) as sure, as hound
The stricke Deare doth chaleng by the bleeding wound.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone,
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty Squire
Supposd to be. They do arriue anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheueled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
For thy appease your griefe and heauy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceiued payne:
For if he liue, that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorow had transfixt beene.

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my life,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment,
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appeale
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

Estsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why should euer I henceforth desyre,
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,

Sith that false Traytour did my honour reauē?
False traytour certes (saide the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.

But now, sayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read, who hath ye wrought this shamfull plight.
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light.
Certes (saide she) I wote not, how he hight,
But vnder him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield
He bore a bloodie Crosse, that quartred all the field.

Now by my head (saide *Guyon*) much I muse,
How that same knight should do so fowle amis,
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th'aduenture of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th'imputed blame,
Els be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs haue mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the saluing of your blotting name.
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
But vnder simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurkt false *Duchesse* secretly vnseene,
As a chaste Virgin, that had wronged beene :
So had false *Archimago* her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily deuild
To be her Squire, and do her seruice well aguisd.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rockes and caues far vnder ground,
And with greene mosse cou'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoild. Her nathelasse
Th'enchauenter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reuest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

For all he did, was to deceiue good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding grieffe him ouercame,
To see the *Redcrosse* thus aduaunced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allye.

So now he *Guyon* gytides an vncouth way
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads ouerplast,

The valley did with coole shade ouercast;
 Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme vnlaste,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Lo yonder he, cryde *Archimage* alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew,
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew;
 But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
 Which we far off will here abide to vew.
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did ad-
 (dresse.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
 Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equall race:
 They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
 When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
 For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed Steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament:
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath
 But

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
His errour, and himselfe inclyning sayd,
Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
But me behoueth rather to vpbraid,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence,

So beene they both at one, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
And entertaine themselues with court'sies meet;
Then saide the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weete,
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some vncouth
(chaunce.

Certes (saide he) well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason, that me hether led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
Which to auenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled, foule shame him follow, wher he went.

So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
By this his aged Guide in presence came,
Who soone as one that knight his eye did glaunce,

Eft soones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faery court he late auizd;
And sayd, fayre sonne, God giue you happy chaunce,
And that deare Crosse vppon your shield deuizd,
Wherewith aboue all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

Ioy may you haue, and euerlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchicu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Registers aboue the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat haue wōne:
But wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Most now anew begin, like race to ronne;
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished hauen bring thy weary barke.

Palmer, him answered the *Redcrosse* knight,
His be the praise, that this atchicu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you faire Sir, whose pageant next ensues,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report these happy newes;
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes.

So courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes, which did betide,
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countreyes wide.
At last as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride,
With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

But if that carelesse heuens (qd she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to liue in liues despight,
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
That long captiued foules from weary thraldome free.

But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heuen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she did from blemish criminall;
Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw,
That through the wood reechoed againe,
And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,

Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell Steele
Through laüched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,
Braies out her latest breath, and vp her eies doth feele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife, that made a grieisly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of goreblood thick,
That all her goodly garments staine arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gore did rays;
Als in her lap a louely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender ioints embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as euer eie did vew.

Besides them both, vpon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was,
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded,
Seemd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lusty hed,
Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

VVhom

VVhom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seemd bereste attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lion grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone,
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraîne,
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
VVith his faire garment: then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liuing blood yet in her veynes did hop;
VVhich when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out liuing aire.

VVhich he perceiuing greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice;
Ay me, deare Lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,
VVhat direfull chaunce, armd with auenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your vntimely date;
Speake, O dear Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

Therewith her dim cie-lids she vp gan reare,
On which the drery death did sitt, as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
But when as him all in bright armour clad

Before

. Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Vplifted light, and softly did vphold:
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
Haue not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe impart,

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full low
Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw
With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
Leaue, ah leaue of, what euer wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilittee.
Take not away now got, which none would giue to me.

Ah far be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captiuittee:
For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
Tell then O Lady tell, what farall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest:
That I may cast to compas your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe,

With

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As heuen accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spent her vtmost breath:
Heareth then, O man, the sorrowes that vneath
My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas:
Loe this dead corpse, that lies here vnderneath,
The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras (was.
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mordant

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
My Lord my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heuens iust with equall brow,
Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
One day when him high corage did emmoue,
As wont ye knightes to seeke aduentures wilde,
He pricked forth his puissaunt force to proue,
Me then he left enwombd of this childe,
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne:
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
Fayre Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
The curst land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis*.

Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
Wherewith she makes her louers dronken mad,
And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to vses bad:

My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth fraylie breed)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad
 Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
 And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dread

Now had fayre *Cynthia* by euen tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: (weare,
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwiues
 Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
 Yet nought to dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought

Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd
 Where him that witch had thralld to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
 Till through wise handling and faire gouernaunce,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:
 Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
 With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiud;
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe does lincke,
 So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
 Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fulfilled, dead suddainly he downe did sincke.
 Which

Which when I wretch, Not one word more she sayd
But breaking of, the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
From teares abstayne, for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heauie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old fyre
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it seruaunt to her basest part:
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake
(through smart.

But temperaunce (said he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to meke in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene.
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene:
But sith this wretched woman ouercome
Of anguith, rather then of crime hath bene,
Reserue her cause to her eternall doome,
And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer, qd. he, death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the commen In of rest
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them, that liued best:

But

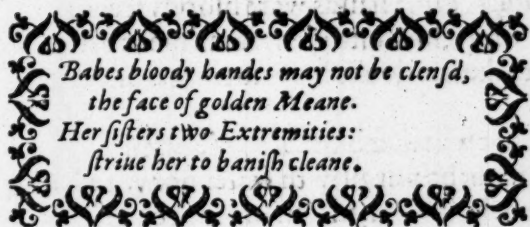
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so greet shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, ynburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engraue;
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embraue,
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corpes tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace.
But ere they did their vtmost obsequy,
Sir *Guyon* more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood & earth, he threw
Into the graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;
Such and such euil God on *Guyon* reare,
And worse and worse young Orphane bethy payne,
If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne:
So shedding many teares, they closed the earth agayne.

Cant.

Cant II.



THus when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vptyde,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent,
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smile on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe (steepe.
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weeneft thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy liuelyhed,
Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the natue tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

Then soft him selfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath disdainefull nicitee.)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene;

He

He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove,
Yet still the litle hands were bloody scene;
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuerse doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'h;
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck;
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the sencelesse tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly stonck,

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
Ye bene right hart amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great merueill make,
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infused
In euery fountaine, and in euerie lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chusd,
To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vsd.

Of those some were so from their source indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres fayre *Floraes* painted lap;
But other some by guifte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue poured into their waters bace, (place.
And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place to
Such

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
The hartlesse Hynd and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought, to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet colde through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water byde:
For it is chaste and pure, as purest snow,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dyde,
But euer like her selfe vnstayned hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
May not be clenst with water of this well:
Ne certes Sir strue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,

That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind reuengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse monument.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his lostie steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how euer loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they traueiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas,
It was an auncient worke of antique frame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind, and diuerse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they striue, and daily disagree,
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middelt meant to worken woe.
Where

Where when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speach, ne in her hauiour,
Was lightnesse scene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden lockes she roundly did vprye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accounting each her frend with lauish fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies loue did countenance,
And to his mistresse each him selfe stroue to aduaunce.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
Which he by many rash aduentures wan,

Since errant armes to sew he first began ;
More huge in strength , then wise in workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize ouer ran ;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras,

But he that lou'd the youngest , was *Sansloy*,
He that faire *Vna* late fowle outraged,
The most vnruely, and the boldest boy,
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might :
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong , or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies Champion chose for loue to fight.

These two gay knights, vovd to so diuerse loues,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place straunge knight arriued late,
Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell sterne themselues prepar'd.

But ere they could proceede vnto the place,
Where he abode, themselues at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle space :
With horrible assault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her settled seat,
The house was rayfd, and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.
The

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
Where when as two braue knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade vnsheathd, with which he ran
Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstand;
And at his first arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacific, well as he can.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espye a traueiler with feet surber,
Whom they in equall pray hope to diuide,
They stint their strife, and him assayle on euerie side.

But he, not like a weary traueilere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut;
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diuersly diseafe,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,

That her on either side doe fore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy graue; (way,
Shee scorning both their spights, does make wide
And with her brest breaking the fomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, & faire her self doth saue.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and paies,
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him laies:
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmittee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
Emongst them ran, and falling them before,
Besought them by the womb, which them had born,
And by the loues, which were to them most deare,
And by the knight hood, which they sure had sworn,
Thei r deadly cruell discord to forbear,
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

But her two other sisters standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid, and both her champions bad
Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet she with pittthy words and counsell sad,
Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke,
That at the last suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speeches, which she spoke.

Ah puissaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys* in your noble harts,
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
That more to mighty hāds, the rightfull cause doth trust.

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, sayre it to accord,
Then with bloodguiltneffe to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhorde
O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
Sad be the fights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre,
Then so vlc reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, & strong thing does increace,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:

Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes ouer yre and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablith termes betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for euer should endure;
Which to obserue in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiud, and made to spoile
Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, & their mouths to dainty fare.

And those two froward sisters, their faire loues
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeared in both:
For both did at their second sister grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th'vtter touch; (murch.
One thought her cheare too lide, th'other thought too

Elisa

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
As discontent for want of metth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

But young *Perissa* was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flowd about the banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tye she ioyd her selfe to pranck,
But of her loue too lauish (litle haue she thanck.)

First by her side did sitt the bold *Sansloy*,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion:
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet still he satt, and inly did him selfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* sate
With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage,

Fast

That

That forward paire she euer would assuage,
When they would striue dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely shee attempted her feast,
And pleased them all with meeete satiety:
At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She *Guyon* deare befought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
And whether now on new aduenture bownd.
Who with bold grace, and comely grauity,
Drawing to him the eies of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

This thy demandaund, O Lady, doth reuiue
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene aline,
That with her soueraine powre, and scepter shene
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

In her the riches of all heavenly grace,
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hye:
And all that els this worlds enclosure bace,
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye.
Adornes the person of her Maiestye;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortallitye,
Doe her adore with sacred reuerence,
As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

To her I homage and my seruice owe,
In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of *Maidenhead*, the most renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found,
Any earely solemne feast she wontes to make
The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge aduentures to be told.

There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine
Of grieuous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crau'd redresse. My Soueraigne,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Etsometimes deuifd redresse for such annoyes;
Me all vnfit for so great purpose she employes,

Now hath faire *Phebe* with her siluer face
Thrife seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is entrold;
Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne,

Tell on, sayre Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pittie such unhappie bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:

Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.
 Then forward he his purpose gan purslew,
 And told the story of the mortall payne,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amania* did rew;
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pittceous tale he end did make;
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
 Those guesles beguyled, did beguyle their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.
 At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
 They wist their houre was spēt; thē each to rest him hyes

Cant. III.

*Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
 horse is made the scorne
 Of knight hood trew, and is of sayre
 Belphebe fowle forlorne.*

S Oone as the morrow sayre with purple beames
 Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
 And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
 Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
 Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
 Vprose from drowse couch, and him adrest
 Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
 His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

Then taking *Congè* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensueth:
And that so soone as ryper yeares he rought,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'auenge his Parents death on thē, that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helpelesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woodes syde
He lately hard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie neuer cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing tounge, and troublous spright
Gauē him great ayd, and made him more intclynd:
He that braue steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of him selfe great hope and help conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,

He

He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portauce he perceiu'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t'aduance his first degree.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The feely man seeing him ryde so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy loud, his pitious handes gan reare.

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,
Through fortune of his first aduenture fayre,
And with big thundring voice reuyld him lowd;
Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despayre,
Vnworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not vnto death thy selfe prepayre.
Dy, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay,
Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay.

Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (qd. he) thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in see.

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to waxe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe vnfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleighes and practick knauery.
From that day forth he cast for to vphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart fitt man for *Braggadocchio*,
To serue at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow
In his light winges, is lifted vp to skye:
The scorne of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be aduanced hye:
Such prayse is shame; but honour vertues meed
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who seeing one that thone in armour fayre,
On goodly course thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
Of his reuenge to make the instrument:
For since the *Red:rosse* knight he erst did weete,
To beene with *Guyon* knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

And coming close to *Trompart* gan inquiere
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee.

He

He is a great aduenturer, (said he)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vovd, till he auenged bee,
Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By *Guyen*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
Which two through treason and deceitfull gin,
Had slayne Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreak so foule despight.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enragd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their liues had in his hand beene gagd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful deed.

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
And giue you eke good helpe to their decay.
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:
For they be two the prouest knights on grownd,
And oft approvd in many hard assay,
And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
Doe arme your self against that day, them to confownd.
Dotard

Dotard, (saide he) let be thy deepe aduise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Els neuer should thy iudgement be so frayle,
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
Thou litle wotest, what this right-hand can: (wan.
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes, which it

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
With either of those knightes on euen coast,
Should neede of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When *Braggadocchio* saide, Once I did sweare, (end,
When with one sword seuen knightes I brought to
Thence forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth
weare.

Perdy Sir knight, saide then th'enchaunter blieue,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For now the best and noblest knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond,
The same by my deuice I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde, what mote that Monster
(make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
The Northernne winde his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him vp light

From of the earth, to take his aerie flight,
They lookt about, but no where could espye
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
Both fled attonce, ne euer backe retourned eye.

Till that they come vnto a Forrest greene,
In which they shrowd theselues from causeles feare,
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug does vnto them affeare:
Yet both doe striue their fearefulnesse to faine,
At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the Forrest ring, as it would riue in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lostie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying deed.
But *Trompart* stoutly stayd to taken heed,
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed nor,
But heuenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue at th'heuenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dredd Maiestie, and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his lostie triumphes to engraue,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A siluer sound, that heauenly musicke seemd to make.

Vpon her eyelids many Graces fate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgardes, and amorous retrate,
And euerie one her with a grace endowes:
And euerie one with meekenesse to her bowes,
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descriue her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beauty to disgrace?

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lylly whight,

Purpled vpon wi h many a folded plight,
Which all about besprinkled was throughour,
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:
Before they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they did seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festiuall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace,
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held;
And at her backe a bow and quiuer gay,
Stuft with steele-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The saluage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did diuide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her

Heryellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waued like a penon wyde dispred
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedelesse hap,
As through the flourishing forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous *Queene*
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubred, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde:
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde,
When she at last him spying thus bespake;
Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hynde,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake.

Wherewith reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I auow to thee,

Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came.
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
 To weete, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That vnto thee dew worship I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus, but ere her words enfewd,
 Vnto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
 In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewd,
 And saw it stirre: she leste her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shafte aduaunce,
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, O what euer heuently powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

O stay thy hand, for yonder is no game
 For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize,
 But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
 Is far renownd through many bold emprize;
 And now in shade he throwded yonder lies.
 She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
 And standing stoutly vp, his lofty crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late fro rest.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret caue
 For dread of foring hauke her selfe hath hid,
 Not caring how her silly life to saue,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her natiue pride;
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 Prowdly to prune, and sett on euery side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

So

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he vewd
Thole deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honor haue purlew'd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall;
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus, O fairest vnder skie,
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein I haue spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
Endeuoring my dreaded name to raise
About the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond croud.

But what art thou, O Lady, which doest raunge
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maist loue, and dearly loued be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee.

Who so in pompe of proud estate (qd. she)
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:

Where ease abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaues with cares, cannot so easy mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd
Who seekes with painfull toile, shal honor soonest fynd.

In woods, in waues, in warres she wonts to dwell,
And wilbe found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
Vnto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And waketull watches euer to abide:
But easy is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes court. The rest she would haue sayd,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweete words, that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty rauisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she swaruing backe, her Iauelin bright
Against him bent, and tiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
And griued at her flight; yet durst he nott
Pursue her steps, through wild vnknownen wood;
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to *Trompart*, What fowle blott
Is this to knight, that Lady should agayne
Depart to woods vntoucht, & leaue so proud disdayne?
Perdy

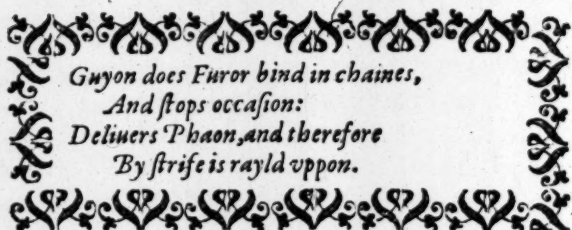
Perdy (said *Trompart*) lett her pas at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestiall:
For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastlinesse.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corage braue
Dismay with feare, or cause on foote to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride,
As one vnfitt therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in cheualree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne,
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd, with corage fiers and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

Cant.

Cant. IIIL



IN braue poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence;
As feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide.
But when strong passion or weake fleshlineffe,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strög suppressse.

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vpror or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.

A mad

A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along vpon the grownd,
A handfom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, & sydes with blood did all a-
(bownd.

And him behynd, a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke.
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong vnrold,
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinckles old.

And euer as she went, her tounge did walke
In fowle reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpight;
Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
And after adding more impetuous force,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire streight way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

And

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had gouernaunce, it well to guyde:
 But when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
 Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,
 Whylest reasō blent through passiō, nought descryde
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares.
 And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Strange seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In fayre defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternly grypt; and hailing to and fro,
 To ouerthrow him strongly did assay,
 But ouerthrew him selfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein fore did beate,
 And bruze with downish fistes his manly face:
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat.
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
 His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Not so O *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,

As Steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
That same is *Furor*, cursed cruel wight,
That vnto knighthood workes much shame & woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight,

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage,
Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowne, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But still prouokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelasse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

Then whenas vse of speach was from her rest,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound vnto a stake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But *Guyon* after him in hast did hye,
And soone him ouertooke in sad perplexitye.

In his strong armes he stifly him embrace,
Who him gainstrieuing, nought at all preuaild:
For all his power was vtterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces sayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes offyre,
And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

Thus whenas *Guyon Furor* had captiud,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriud,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:
Whom whenas he perceiued to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytiues thrall, the thrall of wretched-
(nesse,

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Fayre Sir (qd. he) what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surpryse
Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap

The man most wary in her whelming lap.
Some weake wretch, of many weakeſt wretch,
Vnweeting, and vnware of ſuch miſhap,
She brought to miſchiefe through her guilful trech,
Where this ſame wicked villain did me wādring ketch.

It was a faithleſſe Squire, that was the ſourſe
Of all my ſorrow, and of theſe ſad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourſe,
Attonce I was vpbrought, and eſt when yeares
More rype vs reaſon lent to choſe our Peares,
Our ſelues in league of vowed loue wee knitt:
In which we long time without gealous feares,
Or faultie thoughts con:ynewd, as was fitt;
And for my part I vow, diſſembled not a whit.

It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To loue a Lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And ſet in higheſt ſeat of dignitee,
Yet ſeemd no leſſe to loue, then loued to bee:
Long I her ſeru'd, and found her faithfull ſtill,
Ne euer thing could cauſe vs diſagree:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each ſtroue to pleaſe, and others pleaſure to fulfill.

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake,
Of all my loue and all my priuitie;
Who greatly ioyous ſeemed for my ſake,
And gracious to that Lady, as to mee,
Ne euer wight, that mote ſo welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blott or blame,
Ne euer thing, that ſhe could thinke or ſee,
But vnto him ſhe would impart the ſame:
O wretched man, that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of Parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme:
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne,
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

But ear that wished day his beame disclosd,
He either enuying my toward good,
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he vnderstood
That Lady whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
And therfore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best.
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my loue was partener Paramoure:

Who

Who vsed in a darke some inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approue,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see, that would me nearer moue,
And drue me to withdraw my blind abused loue,

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy desert,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part:
Ne should faire *Claribell* with'all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
For prooffe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maydē proud through praise, & mad through loue
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my loue to bee.

Eftsoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
 And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arayd,
 In *Claribellas* clothes. Her proper face
 I not descerned in that darke some shade,
 But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd.
 Ah God, what horreur and tormenting grieve
 My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd:
 Me lieber were ten thousand deathes priefe, (priefe.
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame offuch re-

I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed loue appeard in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
 That after soone I dearely did lament:
 For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded, I made plaine and euident,
 Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to chaunge her
 (weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I fought:
 Vpon my selfe that vengeance despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought,
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*
 I cast to pay, that I so dearely bought:
 Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieve on grieve,
 To losse of loue adioyning losse of frend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:

That

That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

Feare gaue her winges, and rage enforst my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
And shortly ouertooke: I breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handling,
That death were better, then such agony,
As grieve and fury vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will neuer be appeasd.
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore haue ye beene diseasd;
But all your hurts may soone through tēperance be easd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow: (low.
Wrath, gelosy, grieve, loue this Squire haue laide thus

Wrath, gealosie, grieve, loue do thus expell:
 Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
 Grieve is a flood, and loue a monster fell,
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
 The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed
 The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
 So shall wrath, gealosy, grieve, loue die and decay.

Unlucky Squire (saide *Guyon*) sith thou hast
 Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 And guyde thy waies with warie gouernaunce,
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phaon I hight (quoth he) and do aduance
 Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
 Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake; lo far away they spyde
 A varlet ronning towards hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
 His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
 For *Guyons* lookes, but scornefull eyglauce at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fir,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,

BYRN

Burnt I doe burne. Right well beſeemed it,
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted knight;
And in his hand two dartes exceeding ſlit,
And deadly ſharp he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poiſon and in blood, of malice and deſpight,

When he in preſence came, to *Guyon* firſt
He boldly ſpake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
For feare of further harme, I counſell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieopardie.
The knight at his great boldneſſe wondered,
And though he ſcornd his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe answered;
For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

Varlet, this place moſt dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him, that held it forcibly. (ſeeme
But whence ſhould come that harme, which thou doſt
To threat to him, that mindes his chaunce t'abye?
Perdy (ſayd he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great aſſay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

How hight he then (ſayd *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhocles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approud in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Gymochles*, both which arre
The ſonnes of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*,
Acrates ſonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*;
But *Phlegeton* is ſonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
But *Herebus* ſonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad for his derring doe, and bloody deede;
 For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
 His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke vpon,
 And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore; fly this fearfull stead anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne.
 (Sayd he) but whether with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discern
 Great cause; that carries thee so swifte and light.
 My Lord (qd. he) me sent, and streight behight
 To seeke *Occasion*; where so she bee:
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee;
 Hard is his hap, that first falls in his ieopardie.

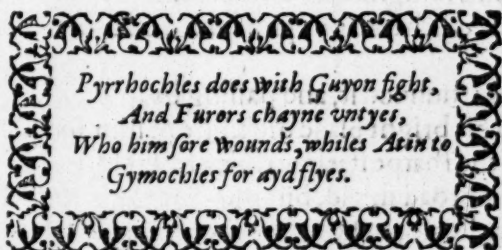
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
 Shee comes vnought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancor rise
 Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife;
 Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.
 Then loe, wher bound she sits, whō thou hast fought,
 Said *Guyon*, let that message to thy Lord be brought:

That when the varlett heard and saw, streight way
 He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
 That knights & knighthood doest with shame vp-
 And shewst th'ensample of thy childishe might, (bray,
 With

With silly weake old woman that did fight.
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
 And stoutly prou'd thy puissaunce here in fight;
 That shall *Pyrrhocles* well requite, I wott,
 And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with yre and vengeable despight;
 The quiuering steele his aymed end wel knew,
 And to his brest it selfe intended right:
 But he was wary, and ere it empight
 In the meane marke, aduaunst his shield atweene,
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebownding, left the forckhead keene;
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Cant. V.



V Ho euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame;
 Trust me, shal find no greater enemy,
 Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
 To which right wel the wise doe giue that name;
 For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
 Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclaimes
 His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
 As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on euery side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly fire.

Approching nigh, he neuer staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to prouoke,
But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
To thincke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilded fell,
And from the head the body sundred quight.
So him dismounted low, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow vprose,
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
Disceall knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,

And

And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now auayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary fowle from thence it would discharge,
Nathelasse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his beuer bent.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
And much ashamd, that stroke of liuing arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarm,
Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint
Pyrrhocles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That welnigh mole his hart in raging yre;
Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

He

He hewed, and laist, and soynd, and thondred blowes,
And euery way did seeke into his life,
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
But yeilded passage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Auauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
And falsed oft his blowes, tillude him with such bayt.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious Vnicorne defyes,
T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him ronning in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious home, sought of his enemye
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him *Guyon* often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And kindling new his corage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through grear constraint
He made him stoup perforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see,
Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pourfewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast;
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,

That

That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust,
With that he cryde, Mercy, doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Effsoones his cruel hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
Tempring the passion with aduizement flow,
And maistring might on enemy dismayd;
For th'equall die of warre he well did know.
Then to him said, Liue and alleagaunce owe,
To him, that giues thee life and liberty,
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy.

So vp he let him rise, who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grieve of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in him selfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wödered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdued arre:
Was neuer man, who most conquestes archieu'd
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded tarre:
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe,
But to bee lesser, then him selfe, doth marre
Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsoe.
Vaine others ouerthrowes, who selfe doth ouerthrow.

Fly, O *Pyrrhocles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
 That in thy selfe thy lesser partes doe moue,
 Outrageous anger, and woe working iarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hartmurdring loue,
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remoue,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead,
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
 Of courtesie to mee the cause aread,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare:
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
 Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
 That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
 To chaunge thy will, and set occasion free,
 And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smylde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so sore displeased hath?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whort embayling wrath:
 Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntye,
 Before her sonne could well assayled bee,
 She to her vse returnd, and streight defyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhocles*: th'one (said hee)

Bycause

Bycause he wonne; the other because hee
Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre vp strife, and garre them disagree:
But soone as *Furor* was enlarged, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, & thousand causes wrought.

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algaates with *Pyrrhobles* fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhobles* wax as wood, as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles *Guyon* stāding by, their vncouth strife does see.

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhobles*, and new matter fram'd
Vpon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyre brond,
Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
Had kindled: that she gaue into his bond,
That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstōd
Tho

Tho gan that villain wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That *Guyon* much disdeigned so loathly sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
Help, O Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight,

The knight was greatly moued at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe settred would release agayne,
Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obeyd; So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlett, *Atin* hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes

Had

Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frays,
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vyle *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,
And ydle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprighes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wighes:
Whom then she does traforme to mostrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with vgly sightes,
Captiu'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

There *Atin* fownd *Cymochles* sojourning,
To serue his Lemans loue: for he by kynd,
Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
When euer his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes;
Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

And ouer him, art stryuing to compayre,
With nature, did an Arber greene disprede,
Framed of wanton Yuie, flouing fayre,
Through which the fragrant *Eglantine* did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous sinels, & painted colors shew

And

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a fowne,
To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Trauciler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thrifty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweate.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt groue
Was shott vp high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympick Ioue*;
And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
In *Netmus* gayned goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birdes of euery sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie:
And made emongst them selues a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Euery of which did loosely disaray
Her vpper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some

Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes aboue her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So, he them deceiues, deceiud in his deceit,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Attin arriuing there, when him he spyde,
Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cryde,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He saide; vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetelesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad *Pyrrhochles* lies on sencelesse ground,
And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround.

Suddenly out of his delightfull dreame

The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vrged fore
 With percing wordes, and pittifull implore,
 Him hasty to arise. As one affright
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
 He then vprose, inflamd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes; for he would algaates fight.

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay,
 For he has vowd, to beene auengd that day,
 (That day it selte him seemed all too long :)
 On him, that did *Pyrhobles* deare dismay :
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Attn* ay him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

Cant. VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Menth,
 led into loose desyre,
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
 ther burnes in furious fyre.*

A Harder lesson, to learne Continnence
 In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
 So strongly, that vneathes it can reframe

From

From that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, the better can abstaine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traueiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
A long the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to her selfe alone;
Sometimes she song, as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Ione,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might moue cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none
She could deuise, and thousand waies inuent,
To feede her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when far of *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
He lowdly cald to such, as were aboard,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
The merry mariner vnto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiue'd; but *Atin* by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Esfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift, then swa'low theres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to fly,
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yielding waue,
Ne cared she her course for to apply:
For it was taught the way, which she would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue.

And all the way, the wanton Damsell found
New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight,
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking off the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and loose dalliaunce
Gaued wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no souenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,

But to weake wench did yield his martiall might,
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight,
So easie is, t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that vsage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized.
Vaine man (saide she) that wouldst be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of *Phadria* (for so my name is red)
Of *Phadria*, thine owne fellow seruauant;
For thou to serue *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thether sayles by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
Both slow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne lowd thundring *Ioue*
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage, which he spake,
And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake,
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburnd her. Their way they forward take
Into the land, that lay them faire before, (store.
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waues sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flowre or herbe, that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest,
And sinelling sweete, but there it might be sownd
To bud out faire, & throwe her sweete smells al arownd.

No tree, whose braunches did not brauely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing,
No song but did containe a louely ditt:
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fitt,
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was ouercome of thing, that did him please;
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale shee soft him led,
And laid him downe vpon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread, or disdayn,
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd,
The whils with a loue lay shee thus him sweetly charmd.

Behold, O man, that toilefome paines doest take
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they them selues doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing enuious nature them forth throwes
Out

Out of her fruitfull lap; how noman knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pōpous thowes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre deluce, her louely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leaue off this toylsome weary stoure;
Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold couerletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy ioyous howres in needlesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and aduentures vaine?
What bootes it al to haue, and nothing vse?
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thrift, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
That of no wordly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eies did sleepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him leste, and did herselfe betake
Vnto her boat again, with which she clesse
The slouthfull waue of that great griesly lake;
Soone shee that Island far behind her leste, (weste,
And now is come to that same place, where first she

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Vnto the other side of that wide strond,
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call, shee loone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
With his sad guide; him selfe shee tooke a boord,
But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obeying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as shee did desire,
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish course,

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollity deuize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despisd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did all thar mote him delight,
Till they arriued in that pleasaunt Ile,
Where sleeping late she leste her other knight.

But

But whenas *Guyon* of that land had fight,
He wist him selfe amisse, and angry laid;
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
Thust to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Melittle needed from my right way to haue straid.

Faire Sir (qd. she) be not displeasd at all;
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serue new passage to assay;
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof, and happy fuitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she more sweete, then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strine to passe (as she could well enough)
Their natieue musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercize.

But

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so curteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart,
But fairly tempring fond desire subdewd,
And euer her desired to depart.
Shelift not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreame,
And shaking off his drowfy dreriment,
Gan him auize, howe ill did him beseme,
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceiued yre.
Tho vp he started, stird with thame extreme,
Ne staied for his Damsell to inquire,
But marched to the Strond, their passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* mett,
Accompanyde with *Phadria* the faire,
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thy selfe prepaire
To batteile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Loe, loe already, how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn.

And therewith all he fierfly at him flew,
And with importune ourrage him assayld;
Who soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall yalew counternayld:

Their

Their mightie strokes their haberçons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple stream adown their giambeux falles

Cymochles, that had neuer met before,
So puissant foe, with enuious despight
His prowd presumed force increaled more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
As thole vnknighly raylinges, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

Both of them high atonce their hands enhaunst,
And both atonce their huge blowes down did sway;
Cymochles sword, on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
And there of nigh one quarter sheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade so fiers did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as sencelesse stone.

Still as he stood, fayre *Phaedria*, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran,
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

If euer loue of Lady did empierce

Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.
They stayd a while: and forth the gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed, (breed.
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights do

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,

Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet Alarmes,
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yield vnto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity

The famous name of knighthood sowly shend;
But louely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,
And is for *Venus* loues renowned more,
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,

To proue extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speech their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,
Such

Such powre haue pleasing wordes: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Belought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote
And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
Where glad some *Guyon* salied forth to land,
And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spyed *Asin* stand,
Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
In *Phædrias* flitt barck ouer that perlous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrhochies* sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuyle, and bitter rate,
As Shepherdes curre, that in darke eueniges shade
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whether dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?

With

With that he stify shooke his steelhead dart:
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his auowd reuenge delayd.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the ydle flood.

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fierfly leapt,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his lostie creft was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht,
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

Atin drew nigh, to weet, what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that vncouth sight;
Whom should he, but his own deare Lord, therefore,
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhochles*, in sad plight,
Ready

Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent ~~him~~ his cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrrhobles, O *Pyrrhobles*, what is thee beryde?

Iburne, I burne, I burne, then lowd he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fyre,
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhobles* farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappy starre.

Perdye, then is it fitt for me (said he)
That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue,
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying dayly, dayly yet reuiue:
O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieued so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample, which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he, then wise
Of that seas nature did him not auise.
The waues thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engroft with mud, which did them fowle agrise,
That euery weighty thing they did vpbear,
Ne ought mote euer sunck downe to the bottom there.

Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle waue,
And stroue in vaine, the one him selfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to saue,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull seruauant, stryuing with his raging Lord.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, Help helpe, O *Archimage*;
To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
We eake handes, but counsell is most strong in age.
Him when the old man, saw he woundred sore,
To see *Pyrrhochles* there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in hast approached to the shore.

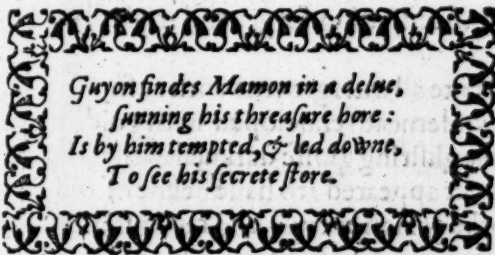
And cald, *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (qd. he) when I thee present see,
In daunger rather to be dreht, then brent?
Harro, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entalles bright,
Kindled

Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boſte,
 That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
 Does ſcorch not halfe ſo ſore, nor damned ghoſte
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not ſo felly roſte.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieve
 He knew right well, and him attonce diſarmd:
 Then ſearcht his ſecret woundes, and made a priefe
 Of euery place, that was with bruſing harmd,
 Or with the hidden ſier inly warmd.
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And euermore with mightie ſpels them charmd,
 That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifyde,
 And him reſtor'd to helth, that would haue algates dyde.

Cant. VII.



*Guyon findes Mamon in a delue,
 ſunning his threasure hore:
 Is by him tempted, & led downe,
 To ſee his ſecrete ſtore.*

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
 That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
 When foggy miſtes, or cloudy tempeſts haue
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And couer'd heauen with hideous dreeriment,
 Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The mayſters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the ſteddy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged veſſell fairely forward fly.

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that *Tale lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and praise-worthie deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:
For still he traucild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all around.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
Whereas he siting found in secret shade
An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuile wight,
Of grieuely hew, and fowle ill fauour'd light;
His face with smoke was tand & eies were bleard
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to haue ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes ap-
(peard.

His yron cote all ouergrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared, to haue beene of old
A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
Wouen with antickes and wyld ymagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned vpside downe, to feede his eye
And couetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay lay on euery side
Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of *Malcibers* deuouring element;

Some

Some others were new driuen, and distent
Into great Ingowes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:
But most were stamp't, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesar's straung & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
And haste he rose, for to remoue aside
Those pretious hils from straungers enuious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the ho'l low earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine, he answerd, Hardy Elfe,
That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out vnto all,
And vnto none my graces do enuye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,
At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.
Mammon (saide he) thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them, that couet such eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruauents entertaine.

Me ill besits, that in derdoing armes,
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Vnto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:
Those be the riches fit for an aduent'rous knight.

Vaine glorious Elfe (saide he) doest not thou weere,
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdowes to thee multiply.
Doe not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?

All otherwise (saide he) I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preseru'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lauishnesse,
Leauing

Leauing behind them grieve and heauinesse.
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise,
Strife, and debate, bloodshed, and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetize,
That noble heart in great dishonour doth despize.

Ne thine bekingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Castles surprizd, great citties sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, & gaynest wrongfull gouernmēt.

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tossē
The priuate stare, and make the life vnswē:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many euils meet.
Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, sayd,
Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd?

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:
At the well head the purest streames arise:
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace,
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
The guifts of foueraigne bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and siluer to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride ettsouones he did compownd;
Then auarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

Sonne (said he then) lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age
To them, that liu'd therin in state forlorne;
Thou that doest liue in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue
Thing offred, till I know it well be gort,
New wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lott,

Or that bloodguiltmesse or guile them blott.
Perdy (qd. he) yet neuer eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell; ne hand these handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heuens sight, and powre of al which the poursew.

What secret place (qd. he) can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heauens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that somuch gold
Thou canst preferue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou (qd. he.) and see. So by and by.
Through that thick couert he him led, and fownd
A darke some way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
And was with dread and horror compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to *Plutoes* grievely rayne:
By that wayes side, there sate internall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threaten life.

On thother side in one confort there sate,
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
But gnawing Gealosy out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, wher safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye.
And shame his gly face did hide from liuing eye.

And ouer them sad horror with grim hew,
Did alwaies fore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad *Celso*, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sonder could haue riste:
Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swifte:

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted nought:
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hellmouth diuide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:
Therefore his house is vnto his annex;
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, & Helgate the both betwext.

So soone as *Mammon* there arriud, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.

Soone

Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shurt, and from behind it forth there lepe
An vgly seend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And euer as he went, dew watch vpon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that likte him best,
Or euer sleepe his ciestrings did vntye,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye
And rend in peeces with his rauinous pawes,
If euer he transgreft the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vau the ragged breaches hong,
Emboft with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded euery risse,
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lisse
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett. (lett.
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black then

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
 On euery side they placed were along.
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were flög,
 Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
 Till that they came vnto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eie of man did neuer see before,
 Ne euer could within one place be fownd,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
 And that aboue were added to that vnder grownd.

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other couetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
 Then *Hammon* turning to that warriour, said;
 Loc here the worldes blis, loc here the end,
 To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made:
 Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes (sayd he) I nill thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happines, another end.

To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Do rather choose my sitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile slaue.

Thereat the seend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culuer in the Faulcons list.
Eternall God, thee saue from such decay.
But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Vnto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
To him did open, as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred founnaces all burning bright;
By every founnace many seendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery seend his busie paines applyde,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With dying tongs, and sprinkled ofte the same
With liquid waues, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who may string them, renewd his former heat;
Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came.
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great,
And euery one did swincke, and euery one did sweat.

But

But when an earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselues withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that cam that way.
Their staring eyes sparckling with seruent fyre,
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retyre,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraine Lord & fyre.

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see:
The thing, that thou didst craue so earnestly,
To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Auisse thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter with, and be withstood.

Suffise it then, thou Money God (qd. hee)
That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To couet more, then I haue cause to vse?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse:
But giue me leaue to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse,
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

He brought him through a darksom narrow strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wayt
A sturdie vyllein, stryding stiffe and bold,

As if the highest God defy he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
And he himselfe was all of yron mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That curled weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne,
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestrially;
Like an huge Gyant of the *Tisams* race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface: (place.
More fitt emongst black fiendes, then men to haue his

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perillous fight:
For nothing might abash the villen bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So hauing him with reason pacifyde,
And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne,
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diademes, & titles vaine, (rayne.
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

Aroure of people there assembled were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder skye,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere
To th'vpper part, where was aduaunced hye
A stately siege of foueraigne maiestye,
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne natue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'lesse most heuenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall, (all.
Thencforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimewith-

There as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose vpper end to highest heuen was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell,
And all that preace did rownd about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
And euery linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friendes, others for base regard;
And

And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard.
Those that were vp themselves, kept others low,
Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow,
But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre,
Him *Mammon* answered, That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention,
Doe flock about, my deare my daughter is,
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldes blis
For which ye men doe striue: few gett, but many mis.

And fayre *Philotime* she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of heuen and hie felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for enty thrust:
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee aduance for works and merits iust.

Gramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
For so great grace and offred high estate,
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for such immortall mate,
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate,
And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
And loue anowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the same I haue no might:
To chaunge loue causelesse is reproch to warlike knight

Mammon

Mammou emmoued was with inward wrath;
 Yet forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd
 Through grieſly ſhadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garniſhed
 With hearbs & fruits, whoſe kinds more not be redd.
 Not ſuch, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
 Throwes forth to men ſweet and well ſavored,
 But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
 Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the dreery toombe.

There mournfull *Cypreſſe* grew in greateſt ſtore,
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* ſad,
 Dead ſleeping *Poppy*, and black *Hellebore*;
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicut* a bad,
 Which with th'vniuſt *Atheniens* made to dy
 Wiſe *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Poured out his life, and laſt Philoſophy
 To the fayre *Critias* his deareſt Belamy.

The *Gardin of Proſerpina* this hight;
 And in the miſt thereof a ſiluer ſeat,
 With a thick *Arber* goodly ouerdight,
 In which ſhe often viſd from open heart
 Her ſelfe to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entrear,
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad diſpredd and body great.
 Clothed with leaues, that none the wood more ſee
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistening bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
 Like euer ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
 For

For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold
And those, with which the *Eubean* young man wan
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongest the Gods false *Ate* threw:
For which th' *Idean* Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had of her, fayre *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

The warlike *Elfe*, much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselues without the vtmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round,
That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the bancke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wightes,
In those sad waues, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrighes,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature, he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coueting to drinke,
Of the cold liquour which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew vpon the brincke:
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
The whiles he steru'd with hunger, and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
Most curst of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to mee.

Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Ensamble be of mind more temperate,
To teach them how to vse their present state.
Then gan the curst wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the riuer, which the same did hyde:
But both his bandes most filthy feculent,

Aboue

About the water were on high extent,
And saynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye,
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answerd thus:
I *Pilate* am the falsest Iudge, alas,
And most vniust that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome to Iewes despiteous,
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquite a murderer felonous,
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity.

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told :
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy weary person, in the shadow coole.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall,
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull scend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him haue rent in thousand pecces strayt:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray.

And now he has so long remained there,
 That vitall powres ganwexe both weake and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbear,
 Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
 That none without the same enduren can.
 For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began:
 For thy great *Mammon* fayrely he besought,
 Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd t'obay,
 For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight
 Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
 So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright,
 Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
 As ouercome with too exceeding might,
 The life did slit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress.

Cant. VIII.

*Sir Guyon layd in swowne is by
 Acrates sonnes despoild,
 Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed
 And Paynim brethren foyld.*

And is there care in heauen? and is their lone
 In heauenly spirits to these creatures bace,
 That may compassion of their euilles moue?
 There is: else much more wretched were the case

Of

Of men then beasts. But O th'exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loues his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
To come to succour vs, that succour want,
How oft do they with golden pineons, cleaue
The sitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
Against fowle feedes to ayd vs militant:
They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
And all for loue, and nothing' for reward:
O why should heuently God to men haue such regard.

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mamons* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddeinly
He heard a voyce, that called lowd and cleare,
Come hether, come hether, O come hastily;
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyce,
To weet, who called so importunely:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.
Beside

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire aboue his equall peares;
His snowv front curled with golden heares,
Like *Phoebus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Diuinely shone, and two sharpe winged theares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayery wayes.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,
When hauing laid his cruell bow away,
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery glee.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the childe bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolor doe away,
For life ere long thall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seems, thal corage bold respire.

The charge, which God doth vnto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof my selfe vnto the end,

But

But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For euill is at hand him to offend.
So hauing said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The Palmer seeing his leste empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
At last him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and could it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights, al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* slie,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

Which to auenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where euer that on ground they mote him find;
False *Archimage* prouokte their corage pround,
And stryful *Atin* in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That fire he fowl bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the caytiue spoile
Of that same outcast carcas, that ere while
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To prooue he liued il, that did thus fowly dye.

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered,
Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
Whose liuing handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treason of him told;
Your self his prowesse prou'd & found him fiers & bold.

Then sayd *Cymochles*, Palmer, thou doest dote,
Necant of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Saue as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote,
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme;
Yet gold al is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare & shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme;
And then dew praise, or dew reproch them yield;
Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

Good or bad, gan his brother fiers reply,
What does recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfie,
The greedy hunger of reuenging yre,

Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet since no way is leste to wreake my spight,
I will him reauce of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Fayr Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
For knighthoods loue, doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile reuenge. To spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
But leaue these relicks of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomblacke steed.
What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,
But be entombed in the rauens or the kight?

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him disaraid;
Till that they spyde, where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd shield. Well kend him so far space
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to prauce.

And to those brethren sayd, Rise rise byliue,
And vnto batteill doe your selues addresse;
For yonder comes the prowest knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobillesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse.
And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.
That word so deepe did in their harts impress,
That both estsoones vpstart furiously,
And gan themselues prepare to batteill greedily.

But

Butfiere *Pyrrhocles*, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
Which he had brought for *Braggadocio* vaine.
So would I (said th' enchaunter) glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that els your honor might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
To be contrary to the worke, which ye intend.

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art,
For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with *Medewart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might faue;
Then it in flames of *Actna* wrought apart,
And seuen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of hellish *Stryx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

The vertue is, that nether steele, nor stone
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
Ne forst his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhocles*, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight,
For sure yt would deceiue thy labor, and thy might.

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneft words or charms may force withstond:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeue for troth,
That I can carue with this inchaunted brond

His

His Lords owne flesh. Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And *Guyon* shield about his wrest he bond;
So ready dight, fierce battraile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

By this that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly salued them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became,
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
Gauē signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

Sayd he then to the Palmer, Reuerend syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How euer, sure I rewe his pitteous plight.
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,
Hath him befallne, but cloudes of deadly night
A while his heauy eylids couer'd haue,
And all his fences drowned in deep sencelesse waue.

Which, those same foes, that stand hereby,
Making aduantage, to reuenge their spight,
Would him disarm, and treaen shamefully,
Vnworthis vface of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
More I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case:
First praye of knighthood is, to leaue outrage to deface.
Palmer

Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there euer noble corage seene,
That in aduantage would his puissaunce boast:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage,
The rash reuengers heat. Words well disposd
Haue secrete powre, t' appease inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
It seemes, iust wronges to vengeance doe prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for this carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.

To whom *Cymochles* said, For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long.
His life for dew reuenge should deare abyee?
The trespas still doth liue, albee the person dye.

Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leaue,
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleaue,

Till


Till vengeaunce vterly the guilt bereaue:
So straightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour stains with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might.

Pyrrhocles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagant* thou shalt be dead.
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But waruing from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde;
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell:
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,
But full of anger fierfly to him cryde;
False traitour miscreaunt, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide.
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, & feele the law, the which thou hast defast

With that his balefull speare, he fiercely bent
Against the Pagons brest, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her lodg haue rent:
But ere the point arriued, where it ought,
That feuen fold shield, which he from *Guyen* brought
He cast between toward the bitter stownd: (wrought
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
And through his shoulder perst; wherewith to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which



Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossess

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse,
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight,
Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both attonce him charge on either syde,
VWith hideous strokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauerse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For in his shield, as thicke as storinie showre,
Their strokes did raine, yet did he neuer quaille,
Ne backward shrink, but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with doubly battry doth assaile, (uaile.
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought a-

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he aduantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wyde,
That

That through his thigh the mortall Steele did gryde:
He swaruing with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the redblood flowed fresh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
Curfing his Gods, and him selfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the redblood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytiue, curfse on thy cruell hond,
That wise hath spedd, yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond: (stond.
Lo where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth

With that he strooke, and thother strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so mōstrous might:
The one vpon his couered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which diuiding with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme fflood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously,
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart, and hope of victory.
On thother side, in huge perplexity,
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot reuoke.

Whom

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
And said, fayre Sonne, great god thy right hād blesse,
To vse that sword so well, as he it ought,
Glad was the knight, & with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood &
(yond.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to *Pyrrhocles* many strokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twise so many fold:
Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both at once compeld with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both
(withstand.

As saluage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

But euer at *Pyrrhocles* when he smitt,
Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before.
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writt,
His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,

And

And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly stowre.
But him henceforth the same can saue no more;
For now arriued is his fatall howre,
That no'te auoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approach,
Resolu'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so fore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit not thore,
Yet made him twise to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empicst the Pagans burganet,
And cleauing the hard steele, did deepe inuade
Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
Quite through his brayne. He tombling downe on
Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the sinnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare,
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
But as a man, whom hellish feendes haue frayd,
Long trembling still he stooode: at last thus sayd,
Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
After so wicked deede why liu'st thou lenger day?

With that all desperate as loathing light,
 And with reuenge desyring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
 With his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and soynd, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with pacience and sufferaunce fly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all atonce their malice forth do poure;
 So did Sir *Guyon* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrrhochles* waste his ydle might.

prince Arthur

At last when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
 How that straunge sword refusd, to serue his neede,
 But when he strooke most strong, the dint deceiu'd,
 He slong it from him, and deuoyd of dreed,
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to ouerthrowe and downe him tred:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him down cast

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strue;
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape aliue,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw,

So

So he now subiect to the victours law,
Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to dye.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
But casting wronges and all reuenge behind,
More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
And sayd, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my souenaunce.

Foole (sayd the Pagan) I thy gift desye,
But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And say, that I not ouercome doe dye,
But in despight of life, for death doe call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone vnlace,
And lest his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

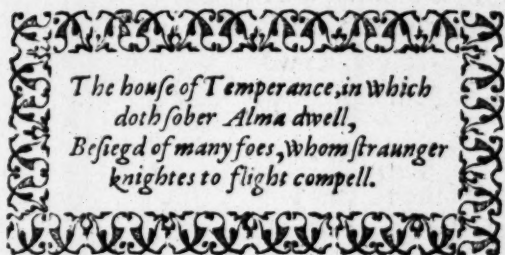
By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
Life hauing maystered her sencelesse foe;
And looking vp, when as his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long haue lakt, I ioy thy face to vew;
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger neuer from me drew.

But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
With so fresh hew vprying him to see,
Hi n answered; fayre sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence dew,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd;
My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
I liue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffise, to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
But to be euer bound

To whom the Infant thus, Fayre Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a seruile bond,
To bind their dooers, to receiue their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound, to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puisant hond?
Suffise, that I haue done my dew in place.
So goodly purpose they together fond,
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Cant. I X.



O Fall Gods workes, which doe this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment;
But none then it, more fowle and incedent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace:
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignity and natue grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton Prince recou'ring his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

Fayre Sir (sayd he) if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?

But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is her bounty, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortal hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite ponre.

Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faery*,
Whose faire retraits I in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
My liege, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissance in warre.

Thise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
Whom gracious lott, and thy great valiaunce
Haue made thee soldier of that Princessse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth blesse her seruants, and them high aduaunce.
How may straunge knight hope euer to aspire,
By faithfull seruice, and meete amenaunce,
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraigne,
But by your wondrous worth add warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenbed*,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her fauor high bee reckoned,
As *Arthogall*, and *Sophy* now beene honored.

Certes

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with al my powre and might.
Seuen times the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I haue fought the fight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heuen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuifauce
Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand,
Which were it nor, that I am els delaid
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Fary land.

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I wote,
What straunge aduenture doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrastis*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

And now faire *Phoebus* gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a riuer in a pleasaunt dale,

Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,
They thether marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweary Courfers did auale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke; as it would fall.
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,
To weete, what they so rudely did require.
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

Fly fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away
If that your liues ye loue, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and saue your selues from neare decay,
Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about vs raue,
And with long siege vs in this castle hould:
Seuen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue, (saue.
And many good knights slaine, that haue vs sought to

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caues adioyning ny, e,
Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All threaning death, all in straunge manner armd,
Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some stauies in fier warmd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
String with hollow eies, and stiffe vpsstanding heares.
Fierfly

Fiercly at first those knights they did assaile,
And droue them to recoile: but when againe
They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to sayle,
Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissance and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forst the fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the fore: nye.

A while they fled, but soone retourn'd againe
With greater fury, then before was fownd;
And euermore their cruell Captaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them rownd,
And ouerrone to tread them to the grownd. (blades
But soone the knights with their bright burning
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and flashing at their idle shades; (fades.
For though they bodies seem yet substance from them

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts fownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Vnto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crau'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,

And

And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
Came to the Ladies care, which there did dwell,
Shee forth issued with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupid*s wanton rage,
Yet was shee wooed of many a gentle knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
For shee was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,
That euen heuen reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold & perle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught
That seruice well. Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crownd with a garland of sweete *Rosiere*.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them vp into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall:
Then when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of fauour speciall,
Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew;
Shee graunted, & them leading forth, the same did shew.

First she him led vp to the Castle wall,
That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire, and sensible withall,
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that *AEgyptian* slime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre,
But O great pittie, that no lenger a time
So goodly workmanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare, O worke diuine;
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heauens place,
All which compacted made a goodly *Dyapase*.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close,
Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Iett or Marble far from Ireland brought,
Ouer the which was cast a wandering vine,
Enchaced

Enchaced with a wanton yuie twine.
And ouer it a fayre Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
Nether vnseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Vtterers of secrets he from thence debarde,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme.
His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard,
When cause requyrd, but neuer out of time;
Early and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

And rownd about the porch on euery syde.
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright,
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tallycomen seemed they, and of great might,
And were enraunged ready, still for fight.
By them as *Alma* passed with her guesstes,
They did obeyfaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gesses.

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dyspred,
And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred.
At th'upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged,
He Steward was, hight *Diet*; rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

And

And through the Hall therè walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
Both guesstes and meate, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth ledd her guesstes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vauy built for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott, then *Aetn'*, or flaming *Móngiball*:
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the hear, least by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyl.

The maister Cooke was cald *Concection*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse:
The kitchin clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
Did order all th' Achates in seemely wise,

And

And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had seuerall offices assynd,
Some to remoue the scum, as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mynd;
And others it to vse according to his kynd.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor seruiceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was *Pors Esquiline*, whereby
It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight,
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill
For neuer had they scene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Abna* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louely beuy of faire Ladies fate,
Courtred of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And eachone sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke amongst them litle *Cupid* playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diuersē delights they fownd them selues to please;
Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease,
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them grieve and annoy:
This frowd, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed enuious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these straungers presence euery one did hush.

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Theinselues to court, and each a dainzell chose:
The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensiue thought cōstrained her gentle spright

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold,
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd,
Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd;
And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
Lines any, that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen your loue, or doen you lack your will?
What euer bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

Fayre Sir, said she halfe in disdaine full wise,
How is it, that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise,
Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,
That

That may vnwares bee blotted with the same:
 Pensiue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame;
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd, (find,
 That haue three years sought one, yet no where can her

The Prince was inly moued at her speech,
 Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told,
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce vnfold,
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold.
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire
 What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
 It answered was, her name was *Praydesire*,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

The whyles, the *Faery* knight did entertayne
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre, and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her natue hew:
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Vpon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew
 And keepes in couerts close from liuing wight,
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
 Vnto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
 And euer and anone with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yuory,
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath ouerlayd
 With fayre vermilion or pure lastery
 Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said.

Fayre

Fayre Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cleare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not deuyle,
I will, if please you it discure, assay,
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face,
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That *Guyon* meruayld at her vncouth cace;
Till *Alma* him bespake, why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but *shamefastnes* it selfe is shee.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and saynd to ouersee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought,
To vew her Castles other wondrous frame.
Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heauen compassed around,
And lifted high about this earthly masse,
Which it suruewd, as hills doen lower ground;

But not on ground more like to this be found,
 Not that, which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
 From which young *Hectors* blood by cruell *Greekes* was
 (spilt.

The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gaue light, and flamd continually:
 For they of liuing fire most subtrilly,
 Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,
 Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayfes of that makers might?

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, & wondrous powre,
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
 And likest is vnto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diuers rowmes, and diuers stages,
 But three the chiefeft, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wifest men, I weene, that liued in their ages.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts,
 By *Phabus* doome, the wifest thought aliue,
 Might be compar'd to this by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pylian* syre, which did suruiue
 Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
 By whose aduise old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies more striue.
 These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
 And counsell'd faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best aduize;
The third things past could keepe in memoree,
So that no time, nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
For thy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought more hinder his quicke preiudize:
He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispaigned all with in,
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges disperfed thin;
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can deuized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe sit:
Infernall Hags, *Centaur*s, *scendes*, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
(Dames,

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hiues with honny do abound:
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there,
That hight *Phantasies* by his nature trew,
A man of yeares yet fresh, as more appere,
Offwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* fate in the house of agones.

Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought the to the second rowme, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses,
 Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

Of those that rowme was full, and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and vsage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great plesure had those straunger knightes, to see
 His goodly reason, and graue personage,
 That his disciples both desyrd to bee,
 But *Alma* thence the led to th'hindmost rowme of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was remoued far behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
 Right firme & strong, though somewhat they declind;
 And therein sat an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompensd him with a better scorser:
 Weake body welis chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

This

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
Ne suffered them to perish through long eld,
As all things els, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Aſaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were so his,
Ne yet *Mahusalein* though longest liu'd;
For he remembred both their infancie:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
Of natieue strength now, that he them suruiu'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from auncient times deriud,
Some made in books, some in lōg parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.

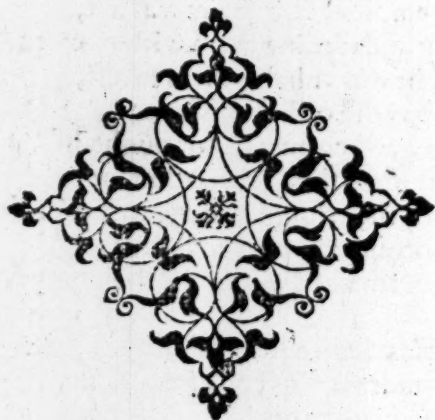
Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was vnhabie them to sett,
A litle boy did on him still attend,
To reach, when euer he for ought did send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.

The knightes there entring, did him reuerence dew
And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
Then as they gan his Library to vew,
And antique Regeſters for to auise,

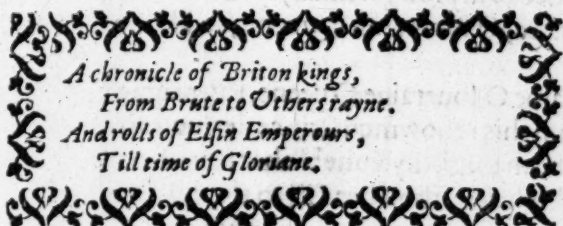
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,
That of this lands first conquest did deuize,
And old diuision into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernements.

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight, *Antiquitee of Faery lond*.
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th'offspring of Elues and Faryes there he fond,
As it deliuered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire,
Their countreys auncestry to vnderfond,
Crau'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

Cant.



Cant. X.



Who now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughty enterprife?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which frō ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit, then hetherto was wount,
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes the doth far surmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heuens hight,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountyhed?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
Whercon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegrean* Ioue he wrote,

That all the Gods admird his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heuently lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would assay,
Thy name, O soueraine Queene, to blazon far away.

Thy name O soueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowned Prince deriued arre,
Whom mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and thy great Grandfathers of gold,
Whose noble deeds about the Northern starre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrolld;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein haue their might v empire rayd,
In antique times was saluage wildernesse,
Vnpeopled, vnmannurd, vnproud, vnprayd,
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd
Amid the Ocean waues, ne was it sought
Of merchaunts faire, for profits therein prayd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to haue bene fto the *Celticke* mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning vnheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And namd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to inuade.

But

But far in land a saluage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnes felt,
But like wild beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liueden;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their sternesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
Vneath is to assure, vneath to wene
That monstrous error, which doth some assott,
That *Dioclesians* fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen bene,
Where companing with feends and filthy Sprights
Through vaine illusion of their lust vnclene,
They brought forth Geaynts & such dreadful wights,
As far exceeded men in their immeasured might.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne netiue slime;
Vntil that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
From roiall stocke of old *Asaracs* line,
Driuen by fatall error, here arriu'd,
And them of their vniust possession depriu'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the vmost shore,
He fought great batteils with his saluage sone,
In which he them defeated euermore,

And



And many Giaunts left on groning flore,
 That well can witnes yet vnto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
 Of mighty *Göemot*, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample Pitt, yet far renownd,
 For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd;
 Into the which retourning backe, he fell,
 But those three monstrous stones doe most excell
 Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
 Whose father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
 Great *Codmer* threw, in fierce contention,
 At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that Prouince vtmost west,
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called *Cornwaile*, yet so called best:
 And *Debons* shayre was, that is *Deuonshyre*:
 But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hyre;
 Now *Cantium*, which Kent we comenly inquire.

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lou'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd,
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of fayre *Inogene* of *Italy*,
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune vnto finall fate.

Loocrine was left the soueraine Lord of all;
But *Albanaet* had all the Northerne part,
Which of him selfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Newas there outward breach, nor grudge in hart;
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

Vntill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And corage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world the swarind in euery part,
And ouerflow'd all countries far away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
This land inuaded with like violence,
And did themselues through all the North display:
Vntill that *Loocrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the Riuer, that whylome was hight
The ancient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their Chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
(Their Chiefetain *Humber* named was aright,)
Vnto the mighty streame him to berake,
Where he an end of batteill, and of life did make.

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through vnwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the icopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,

And

And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lou'd faire *Ladie Efrild*, leudly lou'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remou'd,
 Frō *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prou'd.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force, and corage valorous,
 Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind
 Als his faire *Leman*, flying through a brooke,
 She ouerhent, nought moued with her piteous looke,

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
 The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure;
 The one she slew vpon the present floure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,
 Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call:
 Such was the end, that to disloyall loue did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to *Loerin* bore,
Madan was young, vnmeet the rule to sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

Tho *Madan* raignd, vnworthie of his race:
 For with all shame that sacred throne he filld:
 Next *Memprise*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with *Manild*,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
 But *Ebrack* salued both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
 In *Hensault*, where yet of his victories
 Braue moniments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
 Somany children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply,
 Their mindes to prayse, and cheualrous desyre:
 Those germans did subdew all *Germany*,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre,

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
 And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of euerlasting fame.
 He with his victour sword first opened,
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered; (ked.
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles, she hath bene ransac-

Let *Scaldus* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Esstham bruges* tell,
 What colour were their waters that sameday,
 And all the moore twixt *Elmersham* and *Dell*,

With

With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did *Brunchildis* see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill:
 That not he mote seeme to bee.

But

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
 Next *Huddibras* his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in artes
 Exceld at *Athens* all the learned peace,
 From whence he brought them to these saluage parts
 And with sweet science mollified their stubborne harts.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
 Nourish the flames, which they are warmed vpon,
 That to her people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to euery forreyne nation:
 Yet he at last contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long raynd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well vptrained,
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To haue diuided. Tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

The

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest,
That she much more then her owne life him lou'd:
And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
But *Cordell* said she lou'd him, as behoou'd:
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth,, him to displeasaunce moon'd,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre, (shayre.
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scottes,
And thother to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes:
But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*,
Was sent to *Aggannip* of *Celtica*
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A priuate life ledd in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renöwne, (downe.
That nought him grieu'd to beene from rule depofed

But true it is that when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
Who him at first well vled euery way;
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then auise to late,
That loue is not, where most it is profest,
Too truely tryde in his extremest state;
At last resolu'd likewise to proue the rest,

He

He to *Cordelia* him selfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receau'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong the leau'd,
To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd

So to his crowne she him restord againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild, it should to her remaine:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
And ouercommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine:
But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to enuy
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine,
To haue a pere in part of souerainty,
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raisd warre, and him in batteill ouerthrew:
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His sonne *Riuall* his dead rowme did supply,
In whose sad time blood did from heauen rayne:
Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cecily*,
In constant peace their kingdoemes did contayne,
After whom *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did rayne,
And *Gorbogud*, till far in yeares he grew:
Then his Ambitious sonnes vnto them twayne,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

But

But O, the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
¶ Stird *Perrex* vp to put his brother downe;
Who vnto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
Whose death t'auenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progeny,
Which had seuen hundred yeares this scepter borne,
With high renowme, and great felicity;
The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne:
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who stird with pittie of the strested plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such, as claymd theselues *Brutes* rightfull hayres,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who with his wisdom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And *Ymer* slew, of *Logris* miscreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
This of *Albany* newly nominate,

Y

And

And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He ouerthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to ciuile gouernaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made through vari-
 (aunce,

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were vnto him reueald in vision,
 By which he freed the Traueilers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britany*:
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicy;
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

Donnallo dyde (for what may liue for ay?)
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
 The recompence of their periuured oth,
 And ranfackt *Greece* wel tryde, whē they were wroth;
 Besides subiected *France*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, kinges of *Britany*.

Next them did *Gurgiant*, great *Belinus* sonne
 In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praise;
 He Easterland subdewd, and *Denmarke* wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:
 He also gaue to fugitives of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,
 A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britayne*.
 After

After him raigned *Gutheline* his hayre,
The iustest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall praise,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought:
Her many deemd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Aegerie*, that *Numa* taught:
Thos yet of her be *Mertia* lawes both nam'd & thought.

Her sonne *Sifillus* after her did rayne,
And then *Kimarius*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustayne,
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched haue the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine *Morands* he exprest;
Yet liues his memorie, though carcass sleepe in rest.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which successiue by turnes did rayne;
First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life;
Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdayne,
Deposed was from pryncedome souerayne,
And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recouered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
And then therein reseiued was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,

Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen thirfe eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reardisye
Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which helyes entombed solemnly;
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the prowde *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cesar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hether came.

Yet twise they were repulsd backe againe,
And twise renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natiue soyle,
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
Betrayd his countrey vnto forreine spoyle:
Nought els, but treason, from the first this land did soyle
So

Soby him *Cæsar* got the victory,
Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd;
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshy slime
Enwombd was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O ioyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd;
(O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
Soone after this the *Romanes* him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him batteile fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For *Arvirage* his brothers place supplyde,
Both in his armes, and crowne, and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of *Romanes*, then was *Arvirage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genni's* in marriage:

Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
Of *Rome* againe, who bether hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

He dide; and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christes Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shordly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sondry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whilest *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom she marched streight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
Not with so good successe, as shee deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd:
Yet such, as were through former flight preferu'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor seru'd:
But being all defeated, saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she slow.

O famous

O famous moniment of womens prayse,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to *Hypsiphil*, or to *Thomiris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemies;
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus*, and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled
So made them victors, whome he did subdew.
Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

For *Asclepiodate* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in batteill slaine:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* tyme,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraine:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime;
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright.

Fayre *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight;
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise,
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
 As well in curious instruments as cunning laies.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* begett,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
 And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
 But he his title iustifide by might,
 Slaying *Traherne*, and hauing ouercome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right.

But wanting yflew male, his daughter deare,
 He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murdered by the freends of *Gratian*;
 Then gan the Hunnes and Pi&ts inuade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand.
 But that they ouerran all parts with easy hand.

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
 Was by *Maximian* lately ledd away,
 With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And daily spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
 Whome *Romane* warres, which now fowr hundred
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Til by consent of Commons and of Peares,
 They crownd the secōd *Constantine* with ioyous teares,
 Who


Who hauing oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Piets, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with fondry bordragings.
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from *Alcluid* to *Pannwells* did that border bownd.

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
By meanes whereof, their vncke *Vortigere*
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Piets annoyes,
He sent to *Germany*, straunge aid to reare,
From whence estfoones arriued here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safety imployes.

Two brethren were their Capitayns, which hight
Hengist and *Horfus*, well approu'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their ciuile iarre,
And of those forreyners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* haue forst the kingdome to aband.

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
He is againe vnto his rule restord,
And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,

Through



Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word,
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he flew
Of British blood,, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th'eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* view.

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Vther* did ripe yeares attayne,
And here arriuing, strongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
Who flying from his guilt, by them was slayne.
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lies at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cefure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Authör selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so vntimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speech.

At last quite rauisht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his natue land,
Cryde out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetual band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receaue?
How brutish is it not to vnderstand,
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue.

But

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:
It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deryu'd,
And then stole fire from heuen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriu'd
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an *Aegle* ryu'd.

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weete
Quick, the first author of all *Elfin* kynd:
Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* synd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kynd;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Faryes* spring, & fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges, which all the world warrayd,
And to them selues all Nations did subdew:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
But *Elfiline* enclosd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
But *Elfant* was of most renownmed fame,
Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build:

Then

Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three;
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in magick skild,
 He built by art vpon the glassy See (bee,
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heuē's thunder seem'd to

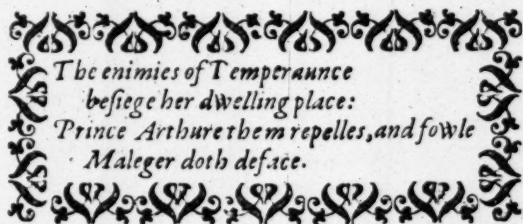
He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,
 Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes their sondry gouernments;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall:
 Yet should they be most famous moniments,
 And braue ensample, both of martiall,
 And ciuil rule to kinges and states imperiall.

After all these *Elficleos* did rayne,
 The wise *Elficleos* in great Maiestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie,
 Did high aduaunce the crowne of *Faery*:
 He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
 The eldest brother did vntimely dy;
 Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
 Doubly supplide, in spoufall, and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie ouer all,
 Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall:
 He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will:
 Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
 Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
 Long mayst thou *Glorian* liue, in glory & great powre.
 Beguyld

Beguyld thus with delight of nouelties,
 And naturall desire of countryes state,
 So long they redd in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
 Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
 To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
 So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

Cant XI



W^Hat warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
 As that, which strong affections doe apply
 Against the forte of reason euermore,
 To bring the fowle into captiuitie:
 Their force is fiercer through infirmity
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Vpon the partes, brought into their bondage:
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
 His partes to reasons rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
 All happy peace and goodly gouernment

Is

Is settled there in sure establishment,
There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth flourish in all beautie excellent:
And to her guesstes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposed iourney him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
Him selfe addrest to that aduenture hard:
So to the riuers syde they both together far'd.

Where'them awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged bote: They goe aboard,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
Doe serue their turnes: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on euery side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hyde;
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

Them

Them in twelue troupes their Captein did dispart
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiekt most deface,
As euery one seem'd meekest in that cace.
Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

The other five, five sondry wayes he sett,
Against the five great Bulwarke of that pyle,
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
T'assaye with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle mishapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with becks vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And euery one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt enuyes,
And couetous aspects, all cruel enemyes.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night,
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exaulk,

And



And soone againe as he his light withhault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent:
 That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,
 But two then all more huge and violent,
 Beautie, and money they against that Bulwarke lent.

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes,
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some hauing heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of the brakes,
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leasinges, backbytinges, and vaine glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feedes of hell,
 Some like to houndes, some like to Apes, dismayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arrayd:
 All shap't according their conditions,
 For by those vgly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band which cruell battry bent,
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Taste*,
 Was as the rest a grysierablement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystreges, some faste
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste
 Like swine; for so deformd is luxury,
 Surfeat, mildiet, and vnthrifstie waste,
 Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity:
 All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

But

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report:
For some like Snailes, some did like spyders shew,
And some like vgly Vrchins thick and short:
Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,
Armed with dartes of sensuall delight,
With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance
Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinaunce
Vpon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay.
And euermore their wicked Capitayn
Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gayn,
Which by the ranfack of that peece they should attayn.

On th'other syde, th'assieged Castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and many hard
Atchieuement wrought with perill and with payne,
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren Gyauntes did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That neuer entraunce any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight:
For neuer was she in so euill cace,
Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,

Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his seruice, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'authour of that strife:
 She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her life.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well proued weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous conge he behight,
 Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.
 Payre mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,
 That euer brandished bright steele on hye:
 Whom soone as that vnruely rablement,
 With his gay Squyre issewing did espye,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tomling low
 From the high mountaines, threates to ouerflow
 With suddain fury all the fertile playne,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw,
 A downe the streame and all his voves make vayne,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

Vpon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
 Which fled a sonder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,
 Whē the wroth Western wind does reauē their locks
 And vnder neath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
 The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly seed:
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phabus* race did breed

Which

Which suddaine horroure and confused cry,
When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode,
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy,
Vpon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground,
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtil substance and vnfound,
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose graue-clothes were
vnbound.

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes vnder his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quiuers hide,
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke, which he had cyde,
Ne was their salue ne was their medicine,
That more recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That seemd to tremble euermore, and quake:
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

Maleger was his name, and after him,
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,

And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags,
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
 She did support, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde,
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
 And his mischieuous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
 But he was warie, and it warded well
 Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
 Then he another and another did expell,

Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be auenged of that shot whyleare:
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
 So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was, to weene approach him neare.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That vew of eye could scarce him ouertake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
 Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should poutsew:
But when his vncouth manner he did vew,
He gan auize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Vntill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought fresh batteill to renew:
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine,
That other Hag did far away espie
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and gryesly graplement,
Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life vnfound,
That in assuraunce it may neuer stand, :

Till it dissolued be from earthly band.
Prooue be thou Prince, the prouest man alyue,
And noblest borne of all in *Briten* land,
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drue,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
His chiefeft letts and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behinde inuade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
Reuiuyng thought of glory and of fame,
Vnite all his powres to purge him selfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long bene vnderkept, and down suppress,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious infest,
And strines to mount vnto his natieue seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
Yt now deuoures with flames and scorching hear,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightely the *Briten* Prince him roud
Out of his holde, and broke his caytiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry cures haue touzd,
Hauing off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

Which

Which now him turnd to disauantage deare,
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did him selfe disarm.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Welweened hee, that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end,
When suddein vp the villeine ouerthrowne,
Out of his siwowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not bene remoued many a day;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To thonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gaue; and lightly lept areare:
Este fierce retourning, as a taul on fayre
That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepayre.

So braue retourning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle him selfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riuen brest,

That halfe the Steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euerm ore
When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or hi dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wovnd so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcass one might playnly see:
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitceous:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite vnder false pretence,
Or hellish feend rayd vp through diuelish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did him selfe appeach:
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

A while

A while he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th' vtmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' vtmost yllsew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Mordure*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now auayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him vp he snatcht,
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull fowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all vtterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse vnto the sencelesse grownd,
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
And gaue against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forcibly,
That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Can heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labor lost and trauell vayne,
Against his lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,

That

That whiles he marueild still, did still him payne:
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th'earth, & from her womb new spirits to reprice.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore,
Shée eke so often, as his life decayd,
Did life with vsury to him restore,
And reysd him vp much stronger then before,
So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
Ne him committ to graue terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

Tho vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And hauing scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Vpon his shoulders carried him pectorse
Aboue three furlongs, taking his full course,
Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paynes did

Which when those wicked Hags from far did spy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her selte did cast into that lake;
But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* curled darts did take,
Soryu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.
Thus

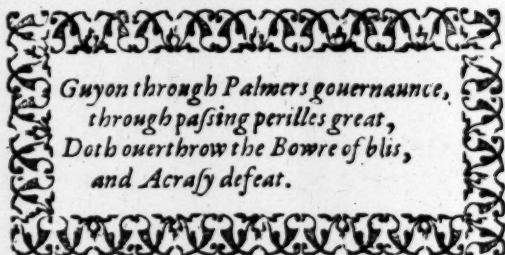
Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho cumming to his Squyre, that kept his steed,
Thought to haue mounted, but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
Through losse of blood, which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squyre him helping vp with speed,
With stedfast hand vpon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the fayrest *Alma* mett him there
With balme and wine and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity,
Este bones shee causd him vp to be conuayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily,
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,
And al the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd

Cant.



Cant. XII.



Now ginnes this goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest prayse forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed;
And this braue knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dāgers, & ten thousand Magick mightes.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pas:
Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their fences filled with affright,
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Vp to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, Palmer sterc aright,
And keepe an euen course; for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe vs well acquight,)
That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,

That

That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
Which hauing swallowd vp excessiuely,
He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare did seeme away to fly.

On thother syde an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* Stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift,
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfs deuouring iawes,
They on this Rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arryue,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryue
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryue
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waue,
Which gaping wide, to swallow them alyue,
Inth' huge abyss of his engulfsing graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour raue,

They passing by, that grisely mouth did see,
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

On

On thother side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke,
And shiuered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carcases exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent,
Both of their life, and fame for euer sowly blent.

For thy this hight *The Rock of vile Reproch*,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and bace,
And Cormoyraunts, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still sat weiting on that wastfull clift,
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift,

The Palmer seeing them in safetrie past,
Thus saide, behold th'ensamples in our sightes,
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast:
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
To shunne *Rock of Reproch* and it as death to dread.

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,

Whiles

Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many Islandes spy,
On euery side floting the floodes emong:
Then said the knight, Lo I the land descry,
Therefore old Syre thy course doe thereunto apply.

That may not bee, said then the *Ferryman*
Least wee vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But stragling plots, which to and fro doe runne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *wandring Islands*. Therefore doe them shonne;
For they haue ofte drawne many a wandering wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispreed,
With grassy greene of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues appareled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That more the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euer more vnertain and vnure.

As th' Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
Amid th' *Aegean* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that *Latona* traueiling that way,
Flying from *Iuno*s wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for *Apollos* temple highly her ried.

They

They to him hearken, as beſeemeth meeete,
And paſſe on forward: ſo their way does ly,
That one of thoſe ſame Iſlands, which doe fleet
In the wide ſea, they needes muſt paſſen by,
Which ſeemd ſo ſweet and pleaſaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the banck they ſitting did eſpy
A daintie damſell, dreſſing of her heare,
By whom a little ſkipper ſtoting did appeare.

She them eſpying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw vnto the ſhore;
For ſhe had cauſe to buſie them withall;
And therewith lowdly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe left her lockes vndight,
And running to her boat wihtouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom ouertaking, ſhe in merry ſort
Them gan to bord, and purpoſe diuerſly,
Now ſainiſhing dalliaunce and wanton ſport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodeſtly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being looſe and light:
Which not abiding, but more ſcornfully
Scoffing at him, that did her iuſtly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him ouer the *Idle lake*:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forſake,

When

When them the wary Boteman thus bespake;
Here now behoueth vs well to auyse,
And of our safety good heede to take;
For here before a perlous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden icopardy,
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
Scarfe had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of *Vnthriftyhed*.

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furnished, as ship might bee,
Which through great disauenture, or mesprize,
Her selfe had ronned into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine, to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to saue from pittieous spoyle,
But neither toyle nor traueill might her backe recoyle.

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did couet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the vtmost bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

But th'earnest Boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th'vmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine,
Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea pufte vp with proud disdaine,
To swell about the measure of his guise,
As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
His whirling charet, for exceeding Rare:
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
Vnweeting, what such horroure straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing fence dismayd.

Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe more feare to see,
Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hyæres*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deseru'd the name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew,
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew,

The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse, then rockes, (as trauellers informe,)
And greedy *Resmarines* with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the knight aprall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

Feare nought, then saide the Palmer well auiz'd;
For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dread,
And draw from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept,
And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
 To sterc the bore towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad:
 Who him auizing better, to him sayd;
 Faire Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
 But onely womanish fine forgery,
 Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.

To which when she your courage hath inclind
 Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne euer shroncke, ne euer sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
 On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,
 And vsd to bath themselues in that deceitfull shade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striu'd
 With th'*Heliconian* maides for maystery;
 Of whom they ouer-comen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity.

Transform'd

Transformd to fish, for their bold surquedry,
But th'upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abuld to ill,
Tallure weake traueillers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Aboue all knights, that euer batteill tryde,
O turne thy rudder hetherward a while:
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In, frō paine & wearisome turmoyle.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big bace them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A solemne Meane vnto them measured,
The whilesweet *Zephyrus* lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
With temperate aduice discourtelled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land, to which their course they leucled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog ouer spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heauens chearefull face enuveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vniuerse seemd one confused mas.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tomling into mischiefe vnespide.
Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that grisly night.

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
The hoars Night-rauen, trump of dolefull dreere,
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy,
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stiffly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.
Said then the Palmer Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile, where all our perills grow;
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms about you throw.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,

And

And his sage Palmer, that him gouerned;
Burth'other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly armd for euery hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Vntill they came in vew of those wilde beasts:
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpstaring crests,
Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer ouer them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Este soones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high aduaunced crests downe meekely feld,
Instead of fraying, they them selues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes inuade,
Through ghastly horror, and eternall shade;
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And *Orcus* tame, whome nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryue,
Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyue,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what euer in this worldly state
Is sweete, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lawish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
Aswell their entred guesstes to keep within,
As those vnruely beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard theyr force, that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the mightest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yuory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fitt,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and loue too lightly flitt,
The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent;

And

And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled;
Yet seemd thenchaunted flame, which did *Cressa* wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be red; that euer open stood to all,
Which thether came: but in the Porch their fate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That traueilers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett vs ofte forsee,
And ofte of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceiue to bee.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see.
He oft his Gardin had the gouernail,
And Pleasures porter was deuizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee

With

With diuerſe flowres he daintily was deckt,
And ſtrowed rownd about, and by his ſide
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was ſett,
As if it had to him bene ſacrifiſide;
Wherewith all new-come gueſts he gratyfiſide:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* paſſing by:
But he his ydle curteſie deſide,
And ouerthrew his bowle diſdainfully; (fly.
And broke his ſtaffe, with which he charmed ſemblants

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and ſpacious plaine, on euery ſide
Strowed with pleaſauns, whoſe fayre graſſy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifiſide
With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in ſcorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lauiſhly adorne, (morne.
When forth from virgin bowre ſhe comes in th'early

Therewith the Heauens alwayes Iouiall,
Lookte on them louely, ſtill in ſtedfaſt ſtate,
Ne ſuffred ſtorme nor froſt on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
Nor ſcorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde ayre with ſeaſon moderate
Gently attempted, and diſpoſd ſo well,
That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet ſpirit & holeſom ſmell.

More ſweet and holeſome, then the pleaſaunt hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nimphe, that bore
A gyant babe, her ſelfe for grieve did kill:
Or the Theſſalian *Tempe*, where of yore

Fayre *Daphne Phabus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lou'd to repayre,
When euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of *Muses* fayre;
Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compayre.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will, and maystering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasp'ing armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuice,
Archt ouer head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe, seemd to entice
All passers by, to taste their lushious wine,
And did them selues into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the *Rubine*, laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire *Emeraudes*, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautify the rest,
Which did themselues emongst the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the vew of couetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as ouerburdened.
Vnder that Perch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
And garments loose, that seemd vnmeet for womanhed.

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she vsd to giue to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast,
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse enuye:
The painted flowres, the trees vps shooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groues, the christall running by;
And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would haue thought, (so cunningly, the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine,)
That nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So struing each th'other to vndermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify,
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweete diuersity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance, that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the siluer flood
Through euery channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was ouerwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with liuely iollitee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selues embay in liquid ioyes,

And ouer all, of purest gold was spread,
A trayle of yuie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well auis'd it vew.
Would surely deeme it to bee yuie trew:
Low his lasciuious armes adown did creepe,
That themselues dipping in the siluer dew,
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample lauer fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bottom see,
All pau'd beneath with Iaspur shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle vp right.
And

And all the margent round about was sett,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend:
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
Their daint, partes from vew of any, which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
About the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as ouer maystered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waues appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reuele.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the *Cyprian* goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his vnwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a straunger did auise:

But

But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, the vnto him bewrayd:
The rest hidd vnderneath, him more desirous made.

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Vp in one knott, she low adowne did lose:
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
And th'yuorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that, which rest it, no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waués from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approach more neare, (reare.
And shewd him many sights, that corage cold could

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counfeld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bewre of blis*
Of her fond fauorites so nam'd amis:
When thus the Palmer, Now Sir, well auise,
For here the end of all our trancess is:
Here wonnes *Acrasia*, whom we must surpise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

Eftsoones

Estsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Saue in this Paradise, be heard elswhere:
Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
To read, what manner musicke that mote bee:
For all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The ioyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes vnto the voice attempted sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments diuine response meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Louer, whom through forcerece
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now laid a slombering,
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while, right ouer him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight:

And

And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rew.

The whiles some one did chaunt this louely lay;
Ah see, who so fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo see soone after, how she fades, and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre,
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whilest yet is time,
Whilest louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all, that he did say,
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
Thot wanton Lady, with her louer lose,
Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a uele of filke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched dew, do not in th'ayre more lightly flee.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrid
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
Which sparckling on the silent waues, does seeme more
(bright.

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sterneesse did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue shield, full of old monuments,
Was fowly ra'it, that none the signes might see,
Ne

Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought, that did to his aduancement tend,
But in lewd loues, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
Sonigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
That suddain forth they on them ruslit, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

And eke her louer stroue: but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captiue bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde,

But all those pleasaunt bowres and Pallace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their groues he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppress,
Their banker houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they arriued, where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie mad.
 Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify. (didly.
 Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes, which there

Sayd he, these seeming beastes are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her louers, which her lustes did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous.
 Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of ioyes delicious:
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be vnto their former state.

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;
 Yet being men they did vnmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
 But one about the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight *Grylle* by name,
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Saide *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth, with vile difference,

To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kinde
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and haue his hoggish minde;
But let vs hence depart, whilst wether serues & winde.

Bb 3

Cant.



1941





The thirde Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Britomartis.

O R

Of Chastity.

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
The fayrest vertue, far aboue the rest;
For which what needes me fetch from *Faery*
Forreine ensamples, it to haue exprest?

Sith it is shrined in my Soueraines brest,
And formd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might bee by any liuing art.

But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly faynt,

Bb 4

And

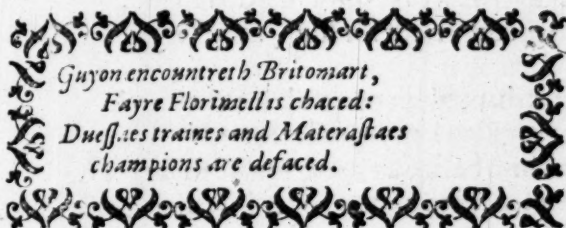
And her perfections with his error taynt:
 Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre
 In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
 So hard a workmanship aduenture darre,
 For fear through wat of words her excellence to marre.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
 That whilome in diuine wits did rayne,
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
 Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
 Hereto perforce. But O dredd Souerayne
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
 Cannot your glorious pourtrai& figure playne,
 That I in colour shoves may shadow itt,
 And antique praises vnto present persons fitt.

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
 Thy selfe thou couet to see pictured,
 Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
 Then that sweete verse, with *Nectar* sprinckled,
 In which a gracious seruauant pictured
 His *Cynthia*, his heauens fayrest light?
 That with his melting sweetnes rauished,
 And with the wonder of her beames bright,
 My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delicious Poet lend
 A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse
 To sing his mistresse prayse, and let him mend,
 If ought anis her liking may abuse:
 Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,
 In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,
 But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
 Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:
 In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.

Cant. I.



THE famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes and perillous paines endur'd,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procur'd,
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrasia* he sent,
Because of traucill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to preuent,
And her to Faery court safe to conuay,
That her for witnes of his hard assay,
Vnto his *Faery Queene* he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke aduentures, as he with Prince Arthure went.

Long so they trauciled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowmed prayse;
Full many Countreyes they did ouerronne,

From

From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
 And many hard aduentures did atchieue,
 Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
 And to recouer right for such, as wrong did grieue.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
 They spide a knight, that towards pricked fayre,
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
 That seemd to couch vnder his shiield three-square,
 As if that age badd him that burden spare,
 And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
 He them espying, gan him selfe prepare,
 And on his arme addressse his goodly shield
 That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought
 The Prince of grace, to let him ronne that turne.
 He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
 His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
 His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
 The verdant gras, as he thereon did tread;
 Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
 And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriu'd,
 But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
 That seemd both shield and plate it would haue riu'd,
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
 Rut made him stagger, as he were not well:
 But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he was aware,
 Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
 Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
 That mischicuous mischaunce his life & limbs did spare.
 Great

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For neuer yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
And shiuering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd him selfe dishonored so sore.
Ah gentlest knight, that euer armor bore,
Let not the grieue dismounted to haue beene,
And brought to grownd, that neuer wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene, (greene.
That speare enchanted was, which layd thee on the

But weenedst thou, what wight thee ouerthrew,
Much greater grieve and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom straunge aduenture did from *Britayne* sett,
To seeke her loue' (loue far sought alas,)
Whose image thee had seene in *Venus* looking glas.

Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vprose,
For to reuenge that fowle reprochfull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he, then endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
For death sate on the point of that enchanted speare.

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie Science he had seene

The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and aduenture fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

By such good meanes he him discounselled,
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swaru'd alyde,
And to the ill purueyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

Thus reconcilient was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce, and affection chaste,
And either vowd with all their power and witt,
To let not others honour be defaste,
Offriend or foe, who euer it embaste,
Ne armes to beare against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde,

O goodly vsage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was seruauunt vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse enuy,
Vyle rancor to avoid, and cruel surquedry.

Long they thus traueiled in friendly wise;
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking aduentures hard, to exercise
Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling fownd
Full grieously seemd: Therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of liuing creature none they fownd,
Saue Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them arownd.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Vpon a milkwhite Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone,
And eke through feare as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

Still as she fledd, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing euill, that poursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of euery blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast:
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull dreeryhedd.

So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo where a grieously foster forth did rush:
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling Iade he fierly forth did push,

Through

Through thicke and thin, both ouer banck and bush
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great enuy and fell gealosy,
They stayd not to auise, who first should bee,
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame aliuie:
But after the foule solter *Timias* did striue.

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Loue, did stay behynd,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weete if they would turne backe to that place:
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perious Pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
Ne euil thing she feard, ne euill thing she ment.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame,
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spacious playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredde wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaill against one, with cruel might and mayne.
Mainely

Mainely they all at once vpon him laid,
And fore beset on euery side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of grownd
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before, him durst assay.

Like dastard Cures, that hauing at a bay
The saluage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not aduenture on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but come from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy,
When *Britomart* him saw, she ran apace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Badd those same sixe forbear that single enemy.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken vnto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
These six would me enforce by oddes of might,
To chaunge my lief, and loue another Dame;
That death me liefer were, then such despight,

So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I loue one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; the th' *Errant damzell* hight,
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd,
I haue endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd.

Certes (said she) then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iustify:
For knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of loue to him, that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compeld by maistry;
For soone as maistry comes, sweet loue anone
Taket hys nimble winges, and soone away is gone.

Then spake one of those six, There dwelleth here
Within this castle wall a Lady fayre,
Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing pere,
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That neuer any mote with her compayre.
She hath ordaind this law, which we approue,
That euery knight, which doth this way repayre,
In case he haue no Lady, nor no loue,
Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

But if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with vs by dint of sword approue,
That she is fairer, then our fairest Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hether came.
Perdy (said *Britomart*) the choise is hard:
But what reward had he, that ouercame?
He should aduanced bee to high regard,
(Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

There.

Therefore a read Sir, if thou haue a loue.

Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I seruice done, (loue,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight a-
And proue his cause. With that her mortall speare
She mightily auentred towards one,
And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,
Then to the next she rode, & downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
Ah (sayd she then) now may ye all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and trew loue most of might,
That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight,

Too well we see, (saide they) and proue too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
For thy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her feet their swords they shard,
And after her befought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She gaunted, and then in they all together far'd.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of *Castle Ioyous*,
(For so that Castle hight by commun name)
Where they were entertaynd with courteous

And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight,
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
 For liuing wit, I weene, cannot display
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost,
 Of euery pillour and of euery post;
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great perles and pretious stones embost,
 That the bright glister of their beames cleare
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These stranger knights through passing, forth were led
 Into an inner rowme, whose royaltie
 And rich purueyance might vneath be red;
 More Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
 Which statly manner when as they did see,
 The image of superfluous riotize,
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
 They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guize
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diuersely deuize.

The wals were round about appareiled
 With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*,
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The loue of *Venus* and her Paramoure,
 The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
 A worke of rare deuice, and wondrous wit.
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
 Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.
 Then

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyft the Boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her Paramoure to bee;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay vnderneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spies,
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim,
And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And ioyd his loue in secret vnespyde.
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the saluage beast in Forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft aduiz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath vnwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance, that dest'ny doth ordaine?

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
And by his side the Goddesse groueling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore

With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squyres,
Dauncing and reueling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,
And *Cupid* still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

And all the while sweet Musicke did diuide
Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort. (eye,
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull
They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, saying that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:
The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there,
But the braue Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when fayre *Cynthia*, in darke some night,
Is in a noyous cloud enuveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright hed
Discouers to the world discomfited,
Of the poore traueiler, that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did them selues present
Vnto her vew, and company vnsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all fixe brethen, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all ciuillitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnaments;
Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
And her knights seruice ought, to hold of her in fee.

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *Iocante* did enfew;

Basciante did him selfe most courteous shew;
But fierce *Bacchante* seemd too fell and keene;
And yett in armes *Noctante* greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well becene,
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
And manly terror mixed therewithall,
That as the one stird vp affections bace,
So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in error fall;
As hee, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight.
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falked fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire, that fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ranfackt all her veines with passion entyre.

Esfoones shee grew to great impatience
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence,
Ne reckt shee, who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.
Faire

Faire Ladies, that to loue captined arre,
 And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
 Ne blott the bounty of all womankind;
 Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:
 Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds;
 For this was not to loue, but lust inclind;
 For loue does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds
 And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading vnder foote her honest name:
 Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
 Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
 Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
 And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
 But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignoraunce,

Supper was shortly dight and downe they satt,
 Where they were serued with all sumptuous fare,
 Whiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lycus* satt
 Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare:
 Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
 And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,
 And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
 Way to her loue, and secret darts did throw;
 But *Britomart* would not such guilfull message know.

So when they flaked had the seruent heat
 Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
 The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
 Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport

To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe vnder that straunge purport
Did vse to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne.)
In playner wise to tell her grieuance she begonne.

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, & piteous grieve,
The outward sparkes of her inburning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieve,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had neuer pricke
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easely belecue her strong extremitye.

Full easy was for her to haue beliefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward grieve,
Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vexe,
Could iudge what paines doe louing harts perplexe.
Who meanes no guile, be-guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith aunxe;
The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

For thy she would not in discourteise wise,
Scorne the faire offer of good will protest;
For great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce, as befeemed best,
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd (steemd.
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had
Therewith

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fedd,
Till she more winnefit time for her desire,
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And euery knight, and euery gentle Squire
Can choose his dame with *Bacimano* gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport & courtly play.

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make meryment,
As diuerse witts to diuerse things apply,
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their weary droue.

High time it seemed then for euerie wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest,
Esteemoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guyden euery guest:
Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Auoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft fethered nest,
Wher through long watch, & late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, & carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Ythrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieued spright

Could



Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And vnder the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlott mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines faire enuelped.

Then panting softe, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mou'd.
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide vnwisely loou'd,
And to her bed approching, first she proou'd,
Whether she slept or wakke, with her softe hand
She softly felt, if any member moou'd,
And lent her weary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sence shee fond.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lifte,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake.
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame halfe dedd
Through sudden feare and ghastly drierihedd,
Did shriek aloud, that through the hous it rung,
And the whole family therewith adredd,
Rasly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.
And

And those sixe knights that ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe vnarmd, with them arions:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd;
On thother side, they saw the warlike Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks vnbownd,
Threatning the point of her auenging blaed,
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

About their Ladye first they flockt arownd,
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd;
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselues embosse,
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

But one of those sixe knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight;
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

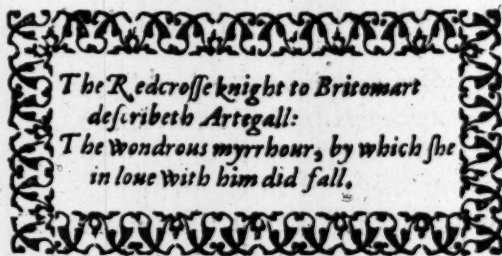
Wherewith enrag'd, the fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:

Here,

Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
 Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abyde;
 And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayd,
 Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde,
 That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifyde.

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
 The noble *Brisomart* is her arayd,
 And her bright armes about her body dight:
 For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
 Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
 Was vsd of knyghtes and Ladies seeming gent:
 So earely ere the grosse Earthes gryefly shade,
 Was all disperst out of the firmament,
 They tooke their steeds, & forth vpō their iourney went

Cant. II.



Here haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
 And not indifferent to woman kind,
 To whom no share in armes and cheualree,
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree
 Of their braue gestes and prowesse martiall;
 Scarfe doe they spare to one or two or three,
 Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all,
 But

But by record of antique times I finde,
That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploites them selues inclind:
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till enuious Men fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty,
Yet sith they warlike armes haue laide away,
They haue exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke r'eny.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose prayse I wryte,
But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,
O soueraine *Queene*, whose prayse I would endyte,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;
But ah my rymes to rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an object they doe lyte,
And struiuing, fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

She traueiling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridg their iourney long, and lingring day,
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind,
To aske this Briton Maid, what vncouth wind,
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest,
But fairest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fitt, did quake,

And

And euery daintie limbe with horroure shake,
 And euer and anone the rosy red,
 Flashed through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightning, through bright heuen fulmined;
 At last the passion past she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
 To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
 Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
 As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
 Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
 To hunt out perilles and aduentures hard,
 By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
 Onely for honour and for high regard,
 Without respect of richesse or reward.
 For such intent into these partes I came,
 Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
 Far fro my natiue soyle, that is by name
 The greater *Brytaine*, here to seeke for praise and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
 Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
 And many straunge aduentures to bee fond,
 Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
 Which to proue, I this voyage haue begonne.
 But mote I weete of you, right courteous knight,
 Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
 Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
 The which I seeke to wreake, and *Arihegall* he hight.

The word gone out, the backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to haue mislayd,
But that he it vptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; Faire martiall Mayd
Certes ye misauised beene, t'vpbrayd,
A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
For weete ye well of all, that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
Or euer doe, that mote deseruen blame:
The noble corage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farrè ye haue your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Loue so highly magnifyde,
And ioyd that euer she affixed had,
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
How euer finely she it faind to hyde:
The louing mother, that nine monethes did beare,
In the deare closett of her painefull syde,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioycd theare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing stile,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde, How euer, Sir, ye fyle

Your



Your courteous tongue, his prayes to compyle,
It ill beſeemes a knight of gentle ſort,
Such as ye haue him boaste; to beguyle
A ſimple maide, and worke ſo hainous tort,
In ſhame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let bee therefore my vengeance to diſſwade,
And read, where I that ſaytour falſe may find.
Ah, but if reaſon faire might you perſwade,
To ſlake your wrath, and mollify your mind,
(Said he) perhaps ye ſhould it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight,
Whoſe prowefſe paragone ſaw neuer liuing wight.

Ne ſoothlich is it eaſie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be fownd;
For he ne wonneth in one certaine ſtead,
But reſtleſſe walketh all the world arownd,
Ay doing thinges, that to his fame redownd,
Defending Ladies cauſe, and Orphans right,
Where ſo he heares, that any doth confownd
Them comfortleſſe, through tyranny or might;
So is his ſoueraine honour raiſed to heuens hight.

His feeling wordes her feeble ſence much pleaſed,
And ſoftly ſunck into her molten hart;
Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eaſed
With hope of thing, that may allegge his ſmart,
For pleaſing wordes are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in ſlomber lay:
Such ſecrete eaſe felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet liſt the ſame efforce with ſaind gaineſay;
So diſchord ofte in Muſick makes the ſweeter lay.

And

And sayd, Sir knight, these ydle termes forbear,
And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter parauaunt;
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (what stedd,
What shape, what shield, what armes, what speed,
And what so else his person most may vaunt?
All which the *Redcrosse* knight to point aredd,
And him in euerie part before her fashioned.

Yet him in euerie part before she knew,
How euer list her now her knowledge fayne,
Sith him whylome in *Brytaine* she did vew,
To her reuealed in a mirrhour playne,
Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she more wASTE,
And yield the pray of loue to lothsome death at last.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to loue his sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
In *Deheubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
What time king *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magicien *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were
(solemniz'd.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
What euer thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heuens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd;

D d

What

What euer foe had wrought, or friend had saynd,
 Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pas,
 Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
 For thy it rotund and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world it selfe, and seemd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke:
 But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,
 Wherein th' Aegyptian *Phao* long did lurke
 From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
 Great *Ptolomae* it for his lemans sake
 Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glassy globe that *Merlin* made,
 And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his gard,
 That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray and foes conuince;
 Happy this Realme, had it remayned euer since.

One day it fortun'd, fayre *Britomart*
 Into her fathers closet to repayre;
 For nothing he from her referu'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his bayre:
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
 Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine;
 Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of, that mote to her selfe pertaine.

But

As it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens vse to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lusted after any one;
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot,

Effsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as *Phæbus* face out of the east,
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arise;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

His crest was couered with a couchant Hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured townd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphres old,
Achilles armes, which Arthogall did win.
And on his shield enueloped seuenfold
He bore a crowned litle Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

The Damzell well did vew his Personage,
And likd well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her vnguilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vnlucky lot

Lay hidden in the bottome of the por;
Of hurt vnwist most daunger doth recound:
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smile full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull stound.

Thenceforth the fether in her losly crest,
Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auaile,
And her prowd portauce, and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaille:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why,
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And rest from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often sleepe
Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she did
(weepe.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt her selfe oppress,
Streight way with dreames, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage, written in her hart.

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
Her aged Nourse, whose name was *Glauce* hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe her in her warme bed dight,
Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
What vncouth fit (sayd she) what euill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
Chaunged thy liuely cheare, & liuing made thee dead?

For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose,
And all the day, when as thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruite, both too vntimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And euery riuer eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,
And riue with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest;
Like an huge *Aetn'* of deepe engulfd gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

Ayme, how much I feare, least loue it bee,
But if that loue it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions, which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,

Then I auow by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy grieſe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew relieſe
Shall me debaire. tell me therefore my lieſt lieſe.

So hauing ſayd, her twixt her armes twaine.
Shee ſtreightly ſtraynd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
Shee ſoftly felt, and rubbed buſily,
To doe the froſen cold away to fly;
And her faire dewy eies with kiſſes deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And euer her importund, not to feare
To let the ſecret of her hart to her appeare.

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearfully;
Ah Nurſe, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,
But it muſt doubled bee with death of twaine?
For nought for me, but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare (ſaid ſhe) deſpeire no whit,
For neuer ſore, but might a ſalue obtaine:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly ſmit,
Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

But mine is not (quoth ſhe) like other wound;
For which no reaſon can finde remedy.
Was neuer ſuch, but mote the like be ſownd,
(Said ſhe) and though no reaſon may apply
Salue to your ſore, yet loue can higher ſtye,
Then reaſons reach, and oft harh wonders donne.
But neither God of loue, nor God of ſkye
Can doe (ſaid ſhe) that, which cannot be donne.
Things ofte impoſſible (quoth ſhe) ſeeme ere begonne.
Theſe

These ille wordes (said she) doe nought aswage
My stubborne sinart, but more annoiaunce breed.
For no no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage
Yt is, O Nourle, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood, which thro my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

Norman it is, nor other liuing wight;
For then some hope I might vnto me draw,
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shap or person yet I neuer saw,
Hath me subiected to loues cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
In my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed,

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshy mould,
That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous gore,
And th'vicer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe faine from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miseree.

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such Monster of your minde?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kinde:

But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
For who with reason can you aye reprove,
To loue the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

Not so th' *Arabian Myrrhe* did sett her mynd,
Nor so did *Biblis* spend her pining hart,
But lou'd their natue flesh against al kynd,
And to their purpose vsed wicked art:
Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,
That lou'd a Bul, and leard a beast to bee;
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestie?
Swete loue such lewdnes bands from his faire cōpanee,

But thinne my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.
With that vpleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were, at last she thus bespake.

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
For though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse grieve augment.
For they, how euër shamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorowes they therby did finde; (minde.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

But

But wick'd fortune mine, though minde be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection, I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephisus* foolish chyld,
Who hauing vewed in a fountaine there
His face, was with the loue thereof beguyld;
I fonder loue a shade, the body far exyld.

Nought like (quoth shee) for that same wretched boy
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure;
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lou'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, where soeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing euill, ere it strength haue gott,
And thee abandond wholly doe possesse,
Against it strongly striue, and yield thee nott,
Til thou in open felde adowne be smott.
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death must bee thy lott,
Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might
And the old-woman carefully displayd

The

The clothes about her round with busy ayd,
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprised her sence: Shee therewith well apayd,
The drunken lamp down in the oyl did sleepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe,

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world reuele,
They both vprose, and tooke their ready way
Vnto the Church, their praiers to appele,
With great deuotion, and with litle zel e:
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse
Her loue-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reuerse.

Retourned home, the royall Infant sell
Into her former fitt; for why no powre,
Nor guidaunce of her selfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nourse her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Sauine, and the flowre
Of *Camphora*, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

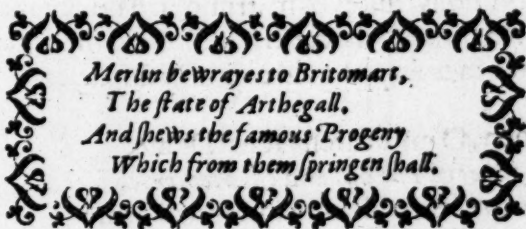
Then taking thrise three heares from of her head,
Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the Pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whispered a space
Certein sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
Spitt thrise vpon me, thrise vpon me spitt;
Th'vneuen number for this busines is most fitt.

That

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
 She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
 Thrushe she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
 All contrary, for she the right did shunne,
 And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.
 So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
 But lone, that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No ydle charmes so lightly may remoue,
 That well can witnesse, who by tryall it does proue.

Ne ought it more the noble Mayd auayle,
 Ne lake the fury of her cruell flame,
 But that Thee still did waste, and still did wayle,
 That through long languour, & hart-burning brame
 She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.
 That when old *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

Cant. III.



Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
 In liuing brests, ykindled first aboue,
 Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence poured into men, which men call Loue;
 Not

Not that same, which doth base affections moue
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit, that doth true beautie loue,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame.

Whence spring all noble deedes and neuer dying fame:

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall mindes hast so great might,
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpose of diuine foresight,
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst vp th'Heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne brauer prooffe in any, of thy powre
Shew'dst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre, (praise,
Which through the earth haue spreadd their liuing
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phæbus* and of *Memorye*,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye:
Begin, O *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees and long protense,
Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind,
 Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies grieve:
 Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe,
 And choicest medicine for sick harts reliefe:
 For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
 Least that it should her turne to fowle reproche,
 And sore reproch, when so her father deare
 Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare,

At last she her auise, that he, which made,
 That mirthour, wherein the sicke *Damofell*
 So straungely vewed her straunge lopers shade,
 To weete, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
 Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
 And by what means his loue might best be wrought:
 Forthough beyond the *Africk Ijsland*,
 Or th' *Indian Peru* he were, she thought
 Him forth through infinite endeuour to haue sought.

Forthwith them selues disguising both in straunge
 And base atyre, that none might them bewray,
 To *Maridunon*, that is now, by change
 Of name *Cayr Merdin* calld, they tooke their way:
 There the wise *Merlin* by home wont (they say)
 To make his wonne, low vnderneath the ground,
 In a deepe delud, farre from the vew of day,
 That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
 When so he coulsd with his sprights end opast round.

And if thou euer happen that same way
 To traueill, go to see that dreadful place:
 It is an hideous hollow caue (they say)
 Vnder a Rock that lyes a litle space
 Forth

From the swift *Berry*, rombling downe apace,
 Emongst the woody hills of *Dymock*:
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
 To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
 For feare the cruell Feendes should thee vnwares de-
 But standing high aloft, how lay thine eare,
 And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines,
 And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tosse, that at will stoun thy feeble braines,
 And oftentimes great grones, & grievous hownds,
 When too huge toyle and labour them constraines:
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing soun-
 From vnder that deepe Rock most horribly rebowndes.
 The cause some say is this: A litle while
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
 A brasen wall in compas to compyle
 About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
 Vnto those Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
 During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
 Whom long he lou'd, for him in hast did send,
 Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
 Them bownd till his retourne, their labour not to slake.
 In the meane time through that false Ladies traine,
 He was surpris'd, and buried vnder heare,
 Ne euer to his worke returned againe:
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and traubile day and night,
 Vntill that brasen wall they vp doe reare:
 For *Merlin* had in Magick more insight,
 Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:
The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksome night he eke could turne to day:
Huge hostes of men he coult alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,
When so him list his enemies to fray:
That to this day for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, whe any him to them does name.

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the Lord of Mathranal by right,
And coosen vnto king Ambrosius:
Whence he indued was with skill so merueilleous.

They here ariuing, staid a while without,
Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there fownd
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his seruice

He nought was moued at their entraunce bold:
For of their comming well he wist afore,
Yet list them bid their businesse to vnfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store

Were

Were from him hidden, or vnknowne of yore.
 Then *Glauce* thus, let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darkness dore,
 Vnwares haue prest: for either fatall end,
 Or other mightie cause vs two did hether send.

He bad tell on; And then she thus began. *(light,*
 Now haue three Moones with borrowd brothers
 Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan;
 Sith a sore euill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting tooke; but what thing it more bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
 But this I read, that but if remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
 That she to him dissembled womanith guyle,
 And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,
 Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell.
 Th'old womā wox half blanck, those words to heare;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

And to him said, Yf any leaches skill,
 Or other learned meanes could haue redrest
 This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
 But this sad euill, which doth her infest,
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow brest,
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
 Or euill spirit, that in her doth such torment breed.

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
Glauce, what needes this colourable word,
To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?
Neye fayre *Britomartis*, thus arayd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
Hath hether brought, for succour to appele:
The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuele.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yuory
Into a cleare Carnation suddene dyde;
As fayre *Aurora* rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
But her olde Nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieve,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield vs meet reliefe.
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan soorth display;
Most noble Virgin, that by farall lore
Hast learn'd to loue, let no whit thee dismay
The hard beginne, that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fitts thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

For so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,
Till they to heuens high forth stretched be.

Ec

For

For from thy wombe a famous Progenee
 Shall spring, out of the auncient *Troian* blood,
 Which shall reuiue the sleeping memoree
 Of those same antique Peres, the heuens brood,
 Which *Greeke* & *Asian* riuers stayned with their blood.

Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,
 Thy fruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee descend;
 Braue Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
 Against their forren foe, that commes from farre,
 Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
 Glauncing vñwares in charmed looking glas,
 But the streight course of heuenly destiny,
 Led with eternall prouidence, that has
 Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To loue the prowrest knight, that euer was.
 Therefore submit thy wayes vnto his will,
 And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

But read (saide *Glauce*) thou Magitian
 What meanes shall she out seeke, or what waies take?
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
 Way for themselves, their purpose to pertake?
 Then *Merlin* thus, Indeede the fates are firme,
 And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
 Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
 And guyde the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

The

The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee

The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:

He wonneth in the land of *Fayerlee*,

Yet is no *Fay* borne, ne sib at all

To *Elfes*, but sprong of seed terrestriall,

And whylome by false *Faries* stolne away,

Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;

Ne other to him selfe is knowne this day,

But that he by an *Elfe* was gotten of a *Fay*.

But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorlois*,

And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,

And for his warlike feates renowmed is,

From where the day out of the sea doth spring,

Vntill the closure of the Euening.

From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,

To this his natie soyle thou backe shalt bring,

Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand

The powre of forreine Paynims, which invade thy land.

Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce,

And dreaded name shall giue in that sad day:

Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce

Thou then shalt make, & increase thy louers pray.

Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,

Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,

And his last fate him from thee take away,

Too rathe cut off by practise criminall,

Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

With thee yet shall he leaue for memory

Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,

That liuing him in all actiuitie

To thee shall represent. He from the head

E c 2

Of

Of his coosen *Constantius* without dread
 Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
 And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:
 Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might,
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowfie caue
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
 And comming forth, shall spred his banner braue
 Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make
 The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
 Thrife shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,
 But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
 And if he then with victorie can lin,
 He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

His sonne, hight *Vortipore*, shall him succede
 In kingdome, but not in felicity;
 Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
 And with great honour many batteills try:
 But at the last to th'importunity
 Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield.
 But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily
 Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
 How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
 Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
 That one of th'old *Heroes* seemes to bee:
 He the six Islands, comprouinciall
 In auncient times vnto great Britamee,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sondry kings to doet heir homage seuerall.

All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
 Vntill a straunger king from vnknowne soyle
 Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;
 Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightinesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
 Shall ouerswim the sea with many one
 Of his Norueyses, to assist the Britons sone.

He in his furie all shall ouerronne,
 And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,
 That thy sad people vterly fordonne,
 Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:
 Was neuer so great waste in any place,
 Nor so fowle outrage doen by liuing men:
 For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,
 And the greene grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
 That euen the wilde beast shall dy in starued den.

Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
 Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*,
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprife,
 Shall backe repulse the valiaunt *Brockwell* twise,
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
 For *Cadwan* pittying his peoples ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
 Ne shall auãile the wicked sorcery
 Of false *Pellie*, his purposes to breake,

But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall giue th' enchaunter his vnhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassallage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes auenge their ranckled ire.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slayne,
Offricke and *Ofricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both slaine in battaile vpon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the king of *Orkeny*,
Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But *Penda*, fearefull of like desteny,
Shall yield him selfe his Liegeman, and sweare scalty.

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
T'afflict the other *Saxons* vntubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall *Heavenfield* be cald to all posterity.

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth isslew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head.
Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy,
And *Penda* seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him sowly dye,
But shall with guists his Lord *Gadwallin* pacify.

Then

Then shall *Cadwallin* die, and then the raine
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall dyes;
Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefix by destiny,
Shalbe expird of *Britons* regiment.
For heuen it selfe shall their successe enuy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ill,
From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched cace
He liu'd, retourning to his native place,
Shalbe by vision staide from his intent:
For th'heauens haue decreed, to displace
The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer-give their gouernment.

Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe, that shalbe borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late king, now captiue, late lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,
Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood:
O who shal helpe me to lament, and mourne
The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood,
Whose empire lenger here, then euer any stood.

The Damzell was full deepe empashioned,
Both for his grieve, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;

Ah but will heuens fury neuer flake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for euer be defaste,
And quite from th'earth their memory be raste?

Nay but the terme (sayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
And the iust reuolution measured,
That they as Straungers shalbe notifide,
For twise fowre hundreth yeares shalbe supplide,
Ere they vnto their former rule restor'd shalbee.
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men the faire

For *Rhodericke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of him selfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his frendship shall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp reare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
Least back againe the kingdom he from them should

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly :
For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a Rauē far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens oueronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victors surquedry.

Yet

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyled.

Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house, that beares the stile
Of roiall maiesty and soueraine name;
So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore with all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discourse:

Which

32

Which suddain fitt, and halfe extaticke stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behauncoure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
Shee turnd againe, and chearfull looks did shew.

Then, when them selues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquired,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that twixt them they did deuize,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in stränge disguise.

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiud a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduauntage take;
Ye see that good king *Viber* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Olla and *Oza*, whome hee lately brake
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britany* doth burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
Let vs in feigned armes our selues disguise, (teach.
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wize
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall,
And large of limbe, tatchiue an hard enterprize,
Ne ought ye want, but skil, which praetize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

And

And sooth, it ought your corage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence to none inferior ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which haue full many feats aduenturous,
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

And that, which more then all the rest may sway
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Menenia*
Which *Viber* with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* Virgin, the which feld
Great *Vlfin* thrise vpon the bloody playne,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slayne,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escapt with payne.

Ah read, (quoth *Britomart*) how is she hight?
Fayre *Angela* (quoth she) men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which doe for her sake
And loue, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take.

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,

That



That she resolu'd, vnweeting to her Syre,
Aduent'rous knight hood on her selfe to don,
And counfeld with her Nourse, her Maides attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit
But all thinges did conueniently puruay:
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel becene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th'euening late old *Glance* thether led
Faيرة *Britomart*, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled,
Well as she might, & with braue bauldrick garnished.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
And vsd the same in batteill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preferu'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by its
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit
Thus

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that theyong Mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her Squyte attend her carefully:
Tho to their ready Steedes they clombè full light,
And through back waies, that none might the espy,
Couered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth conuaid, & passed forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond
Of diuerse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship professed with vnfaigned hart,
The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst, but forth rode *Brisomart*.

Cant.



Cant. IIII.

*Bold Marinell of Briscourt,
Is throwne on the Rich strand:
Faire Florimell of Arthure is
Long followed, but not fond.*

W Here is the Antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue archievements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Penthesilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* blood so ofte in *Troian* plaine;
But when I reade, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine
The huge *Orsiloclus*, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare,

That

That all her goodly deedes do well declare.
Well worthie stock, frō which the branches sprong,
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through speaches with the *Redcrosse* knight,
She learned had the estate of *Art he gall*,
And in each point her selfe informd aright,
A frendly league of loue perpetuall
She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeft meed

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
Ne euer dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensue through that amarus discourse,
By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst dislay
Her louers shape, and cheualrous aray;
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind;
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest he for loue could find,
Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,
And thought so to beguile her gricuous smart;
But so her smart was much more gricuous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her do!our mote depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydaunce of her blinded guest,
Till that to the seacoast at length she her addrest.

There

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe vpon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squire vnlace her lofty creast;
Tho hauing vewd a while the furies hore,
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd,
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their deuouring couetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieffe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped hauen of relieffe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull lyfe?
O doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy stryfe,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes, & rageth ryfe.

For els my feeble vessell crazd, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;
Loue my lewd Pilott hath a restlessse minde
And fortune Boteswaine no assuraunce knowes,
But faile withouten starres, gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde?

Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow vp some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,

Vnto

Vnto the gladsome port of her intent :
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table for eternall monument
Of thy great grace, and my great icopardee,
Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly fore, and inly deepe,
She shut vp all her plaint in priuy grieffe;
For her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe repriefe,
Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heauen enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where far away one all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde;
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light :
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coolsen passions of distroubled spright,
Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path;
Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
The face of heuen, and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darkenes dwels, till that at last
The watry Southwinde from the seabord coste
Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the fayre *Britomart* hauing disclo'ste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieffe dissolu'd, did into vengeance powre.

Eftsoones her goodly shield addresssing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And vnto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight approching, sternely her bespake;
Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.
Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,
But with sharpe speares the rest made dearly knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That through his three-square scuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly foucing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Oxe, that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,

All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond, which as she ouer-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an howre,
But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
His mother was the blacke-browd *Cymocnt*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
Finding the Nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred vp, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
For neuer man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne

An hundred knights of honorable name
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
 That through all Farie lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade.
 And to aduance his name and glory more,
 Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade,
 T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store,
 Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybor e.

The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
 To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
 Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below
 Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the ouerthrow
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,
 And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did
 (keepe.

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was,
 Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
 The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
 The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;
 Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,
 And all that els was pretious and deare,
 The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might,
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare

Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
For thy she oft him counfeld to forbear
The bloody batteill, and to stirre vp strife,
But after all his warre, to rest his wearie knife.

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell,
(For *Proteus* was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
Who through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well:
For of a woman he should haue much ill,
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay, or kill.

For thy she gaue him warning euery day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A les son too too hard for liuing clay,
From loue in course of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from fayre Ladies loue did fly;
Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enemy.

But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he sleepes in most security,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amare,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.
His mother bad him womens loue to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecide should him dismay,
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay
To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.
So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T'aproue the vnknown purpose of eternall fate.

Too trew the famous *Marinell* it fownd,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heauy stroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother deare did vnderstond,
And heauy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade,

Estefoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee slong, and her faire deawy locks yrent,
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gameson merth to grieuous dreriment:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swownd,
Whiles al her sisters did for her lament,
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fitt
Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,
Bad eke attonce their charerts to be sought.

Tho full of bitter grieſe and penſiue thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the reſt,
And forth together went, with ſorow fraught.

The waues obedient to theyr beheaſt,
Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

Great *Neptune* ſtoode amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they ſoftly ſlid
And eke him ſelfe mournd at their mournfull plight;
Yet wiſt not what their wailing ment, yet did
For great compaſſion of their ſorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eſteſoones the roaring billowes ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly Monſters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray,
Drew the ſmooth charett of ſad *Cymoens*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
To the long raynes, at her commaundement:
As ſwiſte as ſwallowes, on the waues they went,
That their brode ſlaggy finnes no ſome did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them ſent;
The reſt of other fiſhes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſheare.

Soone as they bene arrin'd vpon the brim,
Of the *Rich ſtrand*, their charets they forlore,
And let their tamed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the ſomy ſhore,
Leaſt they their finnes ſhould bruze, and ſurbare ſore
Their tender ſecte vpon the ſtony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they ſownd
The luckleſſe *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwownd;

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine;
 Had she not beene deuoide of mortall slime,
 Shee should not then haue bene relyu'd againe;
 But soone as life recovered had the raine,
 Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could scarfe from tears refraine,
 And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd) that is,
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high aduancement, O is this
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vborne
 Thy Gransire *Nereus* promist to adorne?
 Now lyst thou of life and honor rest;
 Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
 Ne of thy late life memory is leste,
 Ne can thy irreuocable desteny bee weste?

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecis,
 And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
 That so deepe wound through these deare members
 I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue,
 But they that dye, doe nether loue nor hate.
 Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgiue,
 And to my selfe, and to accursed fate
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too late.

O what auayles it of immortall feed
 To beene ybredd and neuer borne to dye?
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye.

Who

Whodyes the vtmost dolor doth abyde,
But who that liues, is leste to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity.
Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
To see frends graue, the dead the graue self to engrosse.

But if the heauens did his dayes enuie,
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eies of my deare *Marinell*
I mote haue closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt: yett maugre them farewell, my sweetest sweet,
Farewell my sweetest sonne, till we againe may meet.

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his grieftly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarind, and spredding on the grownd
Their watchet mantles fringed with siluer rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vpbownd,
They poured in foueraine balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine, and for heuently food.

Tho when the lilly handed *Liagore*,
(This *Liagore* whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Appolloes* lore,
Sith her whilome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
With heuently feed, whereof wise *Paeon* sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew their staied still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
Which to his mother told, despeyre she fro her song.
Tho

Tho vp him taking in their tender hands,
 They easely vnto her charett beare:
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 And through the brackish wanes their passage shear;
 Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
 Like to thicke clouds, that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,
 In which the Gods doe dwell eternally:
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
 For *Tryphon* of sea gods the foueraine leach is hight.

The whiles the *Nymphes* sitt all about him rownd,
 Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight;
 And ofte his mother vewing his wide wound,
 Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.
 But none of all those curses ouertooke
 The warlike Maide, th'ensample of that might,
 But fairely well shee thryud, and well did brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

Yet did false *Archimede* her still pursew,
 To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Fary gent,
 Whome

Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, purfewing that same foster strong,
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zeale, him followed long,
Toreskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountains & through
Those two gret chápions did attonce purfew (playns,
The fearefull damzell, with incessant payns:
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came vnto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,
Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squyre,
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
And with proud enuy, and indignant yre,
After that wicked foster fiercely went.
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent.
But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.

At last of her far of he gained vew:
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes, to stay and comfort her withall.

But

But nothing might relent her hasty flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearefull Doue, which through the raine,
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pincons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dread,
That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, that ment
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
Yet former feare of being sowly shent,
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though oft looking backward, well she vewde,
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her sewde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villein rude.

His vncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene,
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afraid,
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
Yet he her followd still with corage keene,
So long that now the golden *Hesperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,
To light their blessed lamps in *Jones* eternall hous.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And grievously shadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And

And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disauenture strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lode star suddainly
Couered with cloudes, her Pilote hath dismayd,
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his lostie steed dismounting low,
Did let him forage. Downe him selfe he layd
Vpon the grassy ground, to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest;
In stead thereof sad sorow, and disdain
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
His faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee:
And euer hasty Night he blamed bitterlie.

Night thou foule Mother of annoyaunce sad,
Sister of heauie death, and nurse of woe,
Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
Where by the grim floud of *Cocytus* flow
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous,
(Black *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous.

What

What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull body, that doth loue to steep
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calles thee, his goddesse in his error blind, (kind.
And great Dame Natures handmaide, chearing euery

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,
And dreadfull visions, in the which alieue
The dreary image of sad death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest driue
Desired rest, and men of happinesse depriue.

Vnder thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent,
Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these I wote in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

For day discouers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing, as it is in deed:
The prayses of high God he faire displays,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed,

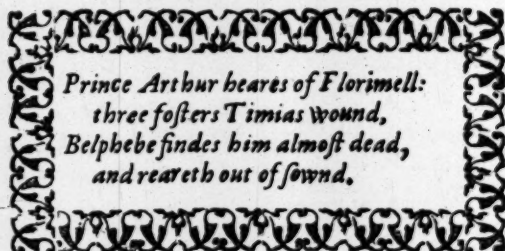
The children of day be the blessed seed,
Which darknesse shall subdue, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sinne.
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.

O when will day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, hast to reare thy ioyous waine:
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright?
And chace away this too long lingring night,
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell.
She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her rowme to day, that can it gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
In restlesse anguish and vnquiet paine:
And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare
His dewy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,
With heauy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

Cant.

Cant. V.



*Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three fosters Timias wound,
Belphebe findes him almost dead,
and reareth out of sownd.*

W Onder it is to see, in diuerse mindes,
How diuersly loue doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifeth it vp, that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest:
It lettes not scarfe this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde,
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill, which he hardly past,

Or

Or other accident, which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whether now he traueiled so fast:
For sore he swar, and ronning through that same
Thicke forest, was bescracht, & both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight (saide he) and how araye:
Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
As meetest may besee me a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did neuer Sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trow.

Now certes swaine (saide he) such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her so,
A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue scene;
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah dearest God (quoth he) that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all, that shall it heare.
But can ye read Sir, how I may her finde, or where.

Perdy me leuer were to weeten that;
 (Saide he) then ranfome of the richest knight,
 Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
 But froward fortune, and too forward Night
 Such happineffe did, maulgre, to me spight,
 And fro me reft both life and light attone,
 But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
 That through this forreft wandreth thus alone,
 For of her errour straunge I haue great ruth and mone.

That Ladie is (quoth he) where fo she bee,
 The bountieft virgin, and moft dkbonaire,
 That euer liuing eye I weene did fee,
 Lienes none this day, that may with her compare
 In ftedfaft chaftitie and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright,
 And is ycleped *Florimell* the fayre,
 Faire *Florimell* belou'd of many a knight,
 Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
 Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
 In other none, but him, she fets delight,
 All her delight is fet on *Marinell*;
 But he fets nought at all by *Florimell*:
 For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe
 Did him, they fay, forwarne through facted spell.
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
 He is yflaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

Fiue daies there be, fince he (they fay) was flaine,
 And fowre, fince *Florimell* the Court forwent,
 And vowed neuer to returne againe,
 Till him aliue or dead (he did inuent.

There.

Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

So may ye gaine to you full great renowme,
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme,
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide:
At least eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarf, comfort to thee take,
For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
I here auow thee neuer to forsake.

Ill weares he armes, that nill them vse for Ladies sake.

So with the Dwarf he backe retourn'd againe,
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her finde;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behinde,
For whom he wondrous pensue grew in minde,
For doubt of daunger, which mote him betide;
For him he loued aboue all mankinde,
Hauing him trew and faithfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd;
For whiles his Lord pursued that noble Mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd,
To bene auenged of the shame, he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long (hid
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue
His shamefull head from his auengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Nathlesse the villen sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast;
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heauie plague, that for such leachours is prepard.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t'auenge him of that fowle despight,
Which he had borne of his bold coimee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one gracelesse fyre,
And vnto them complayned, how that he
Had vsed beene of that foolehardie Squyre;
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

Forthwith themselues with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him foorth into the forrest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue
In their sterne breasts, on him which late did driue
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight:
For they had vow'd, that neuer he aliuie
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such despight

Within that wood there was a couert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was vneath for wight to made,
And now by fortune it was ouerflowne:

By that same way they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates passe; for thy themselues they set
There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

Itfortuned, as they deuized had,
The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly soorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

With that at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force and villcinous despite,
That through his habericon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had now powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will,
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vn lucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieve that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

At last through wrath and vengeance making way,
He on the bancke arrayd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did fore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest bill, which both his hands did strayne,
But warily he did auoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did flow.

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

Tho when that villayn he auiz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
Full of fiers fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell;
His sinfull sowe with desperate disdain,
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing now the only last of three,
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his auengement sad,

Through

Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand vpcaght,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad;
Which fayntly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly ouerhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So mischief fel vpon the meaners crowne; (renowne.
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with

He liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire aliue,
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thy selfe of honor, which thou didst atchiue.

Prouidence heuently passeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For loe great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base *Braggadochio* did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Delphebe was her name, as faire as *Phaebus* sunne.

She on a day, as shee pursewd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene,
To haue besprinckled all the grassy greene,
By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd,

Shortly she came, whereas that woefull Squire
With blood deformed, lay in deadly swound:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The Christall humor stood congealed rownd,
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood, in bounches rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red, were woxen pale and wan.

Saw neuer living eie more heauy sight,
That could haue made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
Besides all hope with melting eies did vew,
All suddenly abasht shee chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start:
But when shee bitter him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:
The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
That the weake sowe her feat did yett retaine,
Shee

She cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double folded necke she reard vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habericon she did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes, that more him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew Nobility:
There, whether yt diuine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachaa*, or *Polygony*,
Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

The soueraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
Into his wound the iuice thereof did scruze,
And round about, as shee could well it vze,
The flesh therewith shee suppled and did steepe,
T'abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze,
And after hauing searcht the intuse deepe,
Shee with her scarf did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

By this he had sweet life receur'd agayne,
And groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His wary eies, drizzling like dewy rayne,
He vp gan lisse toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
The goodly Maide ful of diuinities,
And gifts of heauenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiuer lying him beside.

Mercy

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What seruice may I doe ynto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy heuently salues and med'cines sweete,
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

Thereat she blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a woody Nymph, desire
No seruice, but thy safety and ayd,
Which if thou gaine, I shalbe well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights, whom we captiu'd see.

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
Had vndertaken after her, arry'd,
As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriu'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryu'd:
For thy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And euery one to ronne the swiftest stry'd;
But two of them the rest far ouerpast,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
How him in deadly case theyr Lady fownd,

And

And reskewed out of the heauy stownd,
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those Damzels search, which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines rownd about enuironed,
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine.
And in the midst a little riuer plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gēde murmure, that their cours they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds song many a louely lay
Of gods high praise, and of their sweet loues teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Paultion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it more well delight.

Thether they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest,
He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salues new drest,
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour harsh redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbownd,
To be captiued in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despayre without aleggeaunce?

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe fore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly playsters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah God, what other could he doe at least,
But loue so fayre a Lady, that his life releast?

Long while he stroue in his corageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soueraine bountie, and celestially hew,
The same to loue he strongly was constraind:
But when his meane estate he did reuew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was retraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell loue thus playnd.

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
With which her souerain mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,
But thou doest weene with villicinous despight,

To blott her honour, and her heauenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Fayre death it is to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye rather, dy, then euer loue disloyally.

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah farre be such reproch fro mee.
What can I lesse doe, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serue,
Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;
Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:
Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice swerue.

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace
To her, to whom the heuens doe serue and sew?
Thou a meane Squyre, of meeke and lowly place,
She heuenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all loue taketh equall vew:
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The loue and seruice of the basest crew?
If she will not, dye meekly for hersake;
Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last,
To yield himselfe vnto the mightie ill:
Which as a victour proud, gan ranfack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart
It lest, but both did quite drye vp, and blast;
As percing leuin, which the inner part
Of euery thing consumes, and calcine th by art.

Which

Which seeing fayre *Belphebe*, gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked Steele empoysned were:
Little shee weend, that loue he close conceald;
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald,
When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her reueald,
But rather chose to dye for sorow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare,
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,
And costly Cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A loue-sick hart, she did to him enuy;
To him, and to all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did enuy that soueraine salue, in secret store.

That daintie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girland of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred she the Middaies scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to shoure,
But lapped vp her silken leaues most chayre,
When so the froward skye began to lowre;
But soone as calmed was the christall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred, and let to flourish fayre.

Eternall God in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,

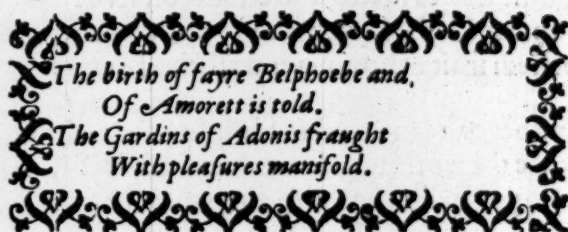
And

And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre
In gentle Ladies breste, and bounteous race
Of woman kind it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desyre.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heauenly coronall;
Such as the Angels were before Gods tribunall.

To youre faire selues a faire ensample frame,
Of this faire virgin, this *Belphebe* fayre,
To whom in perfect loue, and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none liuing may compayre:
Ne poysonous Enuy iustly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh flowring Maydenhead;
For thy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues stroue to synd
The higher place in her Heroick mynd:
So striuing each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman kynd:,
And both encreast her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement;



W^Ell may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
 Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
 So great perfections did in her compile,
 Sith that in saluage forestts she did dwell,
 So farre from court and royall Citadell,
 The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:
 Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
 All ciuile vsage and gentility,
 And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire *Belphæbe* in her berth
 The heuens so fauorable were and free,
 Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,
 In th'*Heroscope* of her natiuittee,
 That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
 On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his souerayne see,
 And *Phæbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
 And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
 And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
 And all her whole creation did her shew
 Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,

That

That is ingenerate in fleshy slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chryfogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphis*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
She bore *Belphe*, she bore in like case
Fayre *Amoreta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, & twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace.
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare,

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what straunge accident faire *Chryfogone*
Conceiu'd these infants, and how them she bore,
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone:
For not as other wemens commune brood,
They were enwombd in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked virall blood.

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heuens fruitfull ray,
As is in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shinie day,
When *Titan* faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allays
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forrest grew.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne
 Vpon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
 To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
 Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
 The sunbeames bright vpon her body playd,
 Being through former bathing mollified,
 And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
 With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
 So straunge ensample of conception,
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
 Of all things living, through impressiō
 Of the sunbeames in moylt complexion,
 Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:
 So after *Nilus* inuudation,
 Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd,
 Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly cald, th'authour of life and light;
 And his faire sister for creation
 Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
 With heate and humour, breeds the liuing wight.
 So sprong these twinnes in womb of *Chryfogone*,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so vpblone,
 Which still increast, till she her terme had full outgone.

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 She fled into the wildernesse a space,
 Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,
 And

And shund dishonor, which as death she feard:
Where wearie of long traueill, downe to rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkeft,
And seized euery sence with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery Doue,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-
(wray.)

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world deriues the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And searched euerie way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she more detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him sought in Court, where most he w'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and Lordes she euery where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
 And euerie one did aske, did he him see;
 And euerie one her answerd, that too late
 He had him scene, and felt the crueltee
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree;
 And euery one threw forth reproches rise
 Of his mischieuous deedes, and sayd, That hee
 Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
 The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
 How he their heedelesse harts with loue had fir'd,
 And his false venim through their veines inspir'd;
 And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which sat
 Keeping their fleecy flockes, as they were hyr'd,
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan auize, where els he mote him hyde:
 At last she her bethought, that she had not
 Yet sought the saluage woods and forests wyde,
 In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,
 Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
 Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
 For thy she thether cast her course t'apply,
 To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly vnto the wastefull woods she came,
 Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew;
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,

Some:

Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From of their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soyle which did deforme their lively hew,
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest vpon her person gaue attendance great.

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiuer, had vnlaste
Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,
And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

Soone as the *Venus* saw behinde her backe,
She was aham'd to be so loose surpriz'd
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her thereof before auiz'd,
But suffred her so carelessly disguiz'd
Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose
Vpgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire *Cytherea* greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her vnmeer, (fraught
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures
That suddein chaung she straung aduenture thought.
To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
That she her dearest sonne *Capido* sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled;
That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd;
Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill more ye bene apayd,
But she was more engriued, and replide;
Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett, to chace the saluage beasts,
So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the ioy, that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
We both are bownd to follow heauens becheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisauce meeke:
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to ceke.

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,
To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,
Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may he long him selfe full easie hide:
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
As any Nimphe (let not it be enuide.)
So saying euery Nymph full narrowly shee eide.

But *Phaëbe* therewith fore was angered,
And sharply saide, Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
Where you him lately leste, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,

Ne lend we leifure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby:—
He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall flye.

Whom whenas *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent,
What shee had said: so her she soone appeas'd,
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
From which a fountaine from her sweete lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search frō place to place.
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

To search the God of loue her Nymphes she sent,
Throughout the wandring forest euery where:
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitiue.
So long they sought, till they arriued were
In that same shady couert, whereas lay
Faire *Crysegon*: in slombry traunce whilere:
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

Vnwares she them conceiud, vnwares she bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiu'd
Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiu'd,
They were through wonder nigh offence bereu'd,
And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
At last they both agreed, her seeming grieu'd
Out of her beaue swowne not to awake,
But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

Vp they them tooke, eachone a babe vptooke,
And with them carried, to be fostered;
Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymphe her babe betooke,
To be vpbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
And of her selfe her name *Belphebe* red:
But *Venus* hers thence far away conuayd,
To be vpbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her litle loues stead, which was strayd,
Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her dismayd.

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradize,
Wher most shee wonnes, whē she on earth does dwell,
So faire a place, as Nature can deuize:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidas* bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her lost louers name,
The *Gardin* of *Adonis*, far renownd by fame.

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
Of all things, that are borne to liue and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were,
Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds, that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sitd was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor ouer-stride:
And

And double gate, it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten passe;
Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the porter of them was,
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe retourned beene,
They in that Gardin plant'd bee agayne;
And grow afresh, as they had neuer scene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the changefull world agayne,
Till thether they retourne, where first they grew:
So like a wheele arownd they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett, or sow,
To plant or prune: for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty lord,
That bad them to increafe and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselues eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shap^s of creatures there are bred,
And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
And euery sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawn^e of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more,
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remaines in euerlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternal *Chaos*, which supplies
The substaunces of nature's fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then inuade
The state of life, out of the grieſly shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altr^ed to and froe.

The substaunce is not chaungd, nor altered,
Butt'only forme and outward fashioⁿ;
For euery substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don

Meet

Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable and decay,
By course of kinde, and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest,
That in the *Gardin of Adonis* springs,
Is wicked *Tyme*, who with his scyth addrest,
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are sowly mard:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard, and spoiled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the *Gardin*, them she spyde,
Yet note she find redresse for such despight:
For all that liues, is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not, that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull *Gardin* growes,
Should happy bee, and haue immortall blis:
For here all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweete loue gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor, or fond gealofy:
Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuy
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.

There

The 4.th 5.th 2.nd 6.th books are in both my copies
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but in that volume of mine which is bound
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likewise Colin Clout's Come Home again
Printed in Hill-Parsonby 1595

with a Dedication to W. Raleigh
from the author dated 1591

the whole volume ends with this
to relate the story that keepeth him that held so good
a need.

Finis

London

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1595.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Disposed into twelue books,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbie.

1590.

There is continuall Spring, and haruest there
 Continuall, both meeting at one tyme:
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
 And eke attonce the heauenly trees they clyme,
 Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
 The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
 Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
 And their trew loues without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp Steele did neuer lop,
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the hight,
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground with pretious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

And in the thickest couert of that shade,
 There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
 With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
 Fashioned aboue within their inmost part,
 That nether *Phoebus* beams could through the thrōg,
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew euery sort of flowre,
 To which sad louers were transformde of yore;
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Pharbus* paramoure;
 Foolish *Marcisse*, that likes the watty shore,

Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Said *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date;

There wont sayre *Venus* often to enioy
Her deare *Adonis* ioyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skilful
Of *Stygian* Gods, which doe her loue enuy;
But she her selfe, when euer that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth it seemes they say: for he may not
For euer dye, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all thinges are forgot;
All be he subiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diuersly:
For him the Father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs more he liue, that liuing giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd,
In a strong rocky Caue, which is they say, (maye
Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him losen
There:

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
With many of the Gods in company,
Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy
Sporting him selfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thether resortes, and laying his sad dartes
Asyde, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton partes.

And his trew loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
Fayre *Psyche* to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and vnmeet vpbrayes,
With which his mother *Venus* her reuyld,
And eke him selfe her cruelly exyld:
But now in stedfast loue and happy state
She with him liues, and hath him borne a chylde,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

Hether great *Venus* brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of *Chrysogonee*,
And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee,
And trained vp in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect tipenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th'ensample of true loue alone,

And

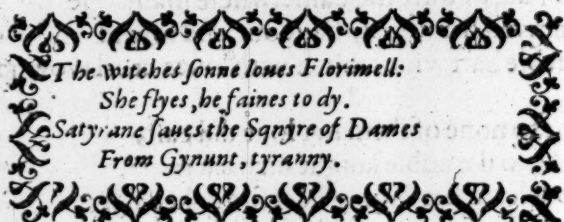
And Lodestarre of all chaste affection,
To all fayre Ladies, that doe liue on grownd.
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haueour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launch with loues cruel wownd.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her louing hart she linked fast
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elswhere reade that ruefull history.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne,
Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*,
Who wandring for to seeke her louer deare,
Her louer deare, her dearest *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

Cant.

Cant. VII.



Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenuous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fledd fayre *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse he did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escape whileare.

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewd:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and hable puissance
Did natiue corage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy,

But

But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He hauing through incessant traueill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddain strook with great astonishment.

And forst t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueiler vnwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A litle valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woodes, that quite it ouercame.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:
Which, chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A litle cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needs,
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom euer she enuide.

The Damzell there arriving entered in;
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found;
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
 Who soone as she beheld that sudden stound,
 Lightly vpstart from the dustie ground,
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound;
 Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze, (daze.
 But shewd by outward signes, that dread her sence did

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
 She askt, what deuill had her thether brought,
 And who she was, and what ynwonted path
 Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought.
 To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
 Her mildly answer'd; Beldame be not wroth
 With silly Virgin by aduventure brought
 Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like two orient perles, did purely shyne
 Vpon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
 She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
 Nor saluage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
 In mischiefe, was much moued at so pitteous sight.

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
 And

And wearie limbs a while. She nothing quaint
Nor ſdeignfull of ſo homely faſhion,
Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard constraint,
Sate downe vpon the duſty ground anon,
As glad of that ſmall reſt, as Bird of tempeſt gon.

Thogan ſhe gather vp her garments rent,
And her looſe lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom ſuch whenas the wicked Hag did vew,
She was aſtoniſht at her heavenly hew;
And doubred her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or ſome Goddeſſe, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;
Tadore thing ſo diuine as beauty, were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked ſonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laeſly loord, for nothing good to donne,
But ſtretched forth in ydleneſſe alwayes,
Ne euer caſt his mind to couet prayſe,
Or ply him ſelfe to any honeſt trade,
But all the day before the ſunny rayes
He vſ'd to ſlug, or ſleepe in ſlothfull ſhade:
Such laefineſſe both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He comming home at vndertime, there found
The fayreſt creature, that he euer ſaw,
Sitting beſide his mother on the ground;
The ſight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his baſe thought with terrour and with aw
So inly ſmot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth ſoone withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amaz'd.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriu'd,
 That in so straunge disguizement therè did maske,
 And by what accident she there arriu'd;
 But she, as one nigh of her was depriu'd,
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiu'd
 From *Strygian* shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld,
 Her gentle speech applyde, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place.
 During which time, the Chorle through her so kind
 And courtesie vse conceit'd affection bace,
 And cast to loue her in his brutish mind,
 No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As vnto her to viter his desire;
 His caitiue thought durst not so high aspire,
 But with soft sighes, and louely semblaunces,
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread; many resembraunces
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

Oft from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
 His maistresse praises, sweetly caroled,

Girlonds

Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild; (mild.
All which, she of him tooke with countenance meeke &

But past awhile, when she fit season saw
To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize her selfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast:
Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issued, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noyle affeard,
And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be ouerhent,
Of that vile hag, or her vnciuile sonne:
Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had beene vndonne.

But that lewd loue did the most lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his fore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare,
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

All wayes shee sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbes, with charms, with counsell, & with teares,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbes, nor counsell might
Assuage the fury, which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helps she saw to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leates
And by her diuclish arts thought to preuaile,
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

Esteemes out of her hidden caue she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage haue appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was speck
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Thereto so swifte, that it all beasts did pas:
Like neuer yet did lining eie detest;
But likest it to an *Hyena* was,
That feeds on wemens flesh, as others feede on gras.

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her she had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite deuourd her beauties scornfull grace.
The Monster swifte as word, that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speede, that shortly he her ouerhent.

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,
That if she shund no lesse, then dread to die,

And

And her flitt Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare:
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wax areare.

Which whenas she perceiud, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid;
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sicknesse.

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
Nor halfe so fast to saue her maydenhed,
Fled fearfull *Daphne* on th' *Aegæan* strond,
As *Florimell* fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gaue her wings, & need her corage raught.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arriued on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safely fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

The Monster ready on the pray to seafe,
Was of his forward hope deceiued quight,
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet to auenge his diuelishe despight,
He sett vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly, ere any reskew came.

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he traueiled;
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloody field did fight,
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And courtly seruices tooke no delight,
But rather ioyd to bee, then seemen sich:
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

It was to weete the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raungd abroad to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont in forest, and in plaine;
He was all armed in rugged Steele vnfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd:
He comming present, where the Monster wilde
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carcass fedd,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceiud he, that it was the horse,
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, least ought did ill beride

To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
For her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die, but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity,
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly left
Vpon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored, and raged to be vnderkept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell about his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bett so long;
That at the last his fierceness gan abate,
And meekely stoup vnto the victor strong:
Who to auenge the implacable wrong,
Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of Steele his carcas could not quell:
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast. that lowd did rore
For great despight of that vnwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obey;
Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide fast of a mighty Giauntesse,
Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppress;
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas *Satyron* beheld, in haste
He leste his captiue Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:

But

But she the way shund nathemore for thy,
But forward gallopt fast, which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: the hauing him descryde,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
An Eagle, that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtil ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Geaunteesse vnto the fight;
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriu'd;
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriu'd,
Yet nathemore the steele a sonderriu'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driu'd,
But glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
But she no more was moued with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
For the braue youthly Champions to assay,
With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite:
But who that smites it, mars his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith she was so stuned, that he n'ore ryde
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly vnto him adioyned syde to syde;

And on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wauering seat him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,
Or helpe him selfe, and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
That her pursued, saw with great remorse,
He were was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed, as she encreast her flight.

Whom when as nigh approaching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made her selfe more light, away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;
But when he stayd, to fight againe she did her take.

By this the good Sir *Satyrane* gan wake
Out of his dreame, that did him long entraunce,
And fering none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which

Which rest from him so faire a cheuifauunce:
At length he spvde, whereas that wofull Squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he more perceiue
In that fowle plight a comely personage,
And louely face, made fit for to deceiue
Fraile Ladies hart with loues consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him vp, and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake,
That Geaunteesse *Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
Warre against heuen, and heaped hills on hight,
To scale the skyes, and put *Ioue* from his right:
Her syre *Typhoeus* was, who mad through merth,
And dronke with blood of men, slaine by his might,
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

For at that berth another Babe she bore,
To weet the mightie *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
Till him Chylde *Thopas* to confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere;
And in that monstrous wife did to the world appere.

So liu'd they eu' after in like sin,
 Gainst natures law, and good behaueour:
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 Who not content so fowly to deuoure:
 Her natue flesh, and staine her brothers bowre,
 Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
 And suffred beastes her body to deflowre:
 So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre,
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre.

But ouer all the cuntry she did raunge,
 To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thrust,
 And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
 Whom so she fittest findes to serue her lust,
 Through her maine strégh, in which she most doth
 She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

Me seely wretch she so at vantage caught,
 After she long in waite for me didlye,
 And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
 Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
 That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,
 Then breake the vow, that to faire *Columbell*
 I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell,
 Call me the *Squyre of Dames* that me becometh well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That Geantesse, is not such, as she seemd,
 But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
 And deedes of armes about all Dames it deemd,
 And

And aboue many knightes is eke esteemd,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemd.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth *Satyrane*)
But read, thou *Squyre of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne,
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amis,
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long suit and wearie seruicis,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to saue, or spill.
Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might doe seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue monethes end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such fauour in their louing hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Thre hundred pledges for my good desertes,
And thrise three hundred thanks for my good partes
I with me broughr, and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment.

To weet, that I my traueill should resume,
 And with like labour walke the world arownd,
 Ne euer to her presence should presume,
 Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
 The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
 But did abide for euer chaste and fownd.
 Ah gentle Squyre (quoth he) tell at one word,
 How many fowndst thou such to put in thy record?

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
 All, that I euer fownd so wisely stayd;
 For onely three they were disposd so well,
 And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,
 To fynd them out. More I (then laughing sayd
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?
 Or ill they seemed sure auizd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought vp, that neu'r did fashions see.

The first which then refused me (said hee)
 Certes was but a common Courtisane,
 Yet flat refusd to haue adoe with mee,
 Because I could not giue her many a Iane.
 (Thereat full hartely laughed *Satyrane*)
 The second was an holy Nunne to chosē,
 Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
 Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
 Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

The third a Damzell was of low degree,
 Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce;
 Full litte weened I, that chastitee
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,

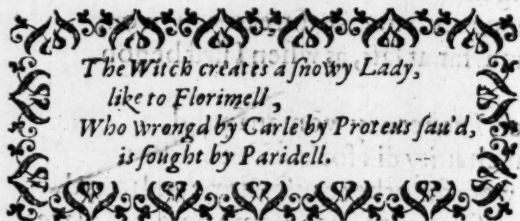
Yet

Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruaunce,
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue won,
But was as far. at last, as when I first begon.

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound,
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

Perdy, (sayd *Satyran*) thou *Squyre of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may emongst *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence bace returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast, he ouercame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre *Florimell* became.

Cant. VIII.



SO oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write vpon,
Should ploniged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone,
Would hardly finde to aggrauate her griefe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then retriue.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyle, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, & wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

And with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue reliu'd;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reuiu'd,

Much

Much more then earst, and would haue algates riu'd
 The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
 He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriu'd
 Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
 His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
 And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,
 Had she not fled into a secret mew,
 Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
 The maisters of her art: there was she faine
 To call them all in order to her ayde,
 And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
 To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.
 How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

By their deuice, and her owne wicked wit,
 She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
 Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
 That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
 The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly tooke
 To make another like the former Dame,
 Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
 So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke,

The substance, whereof she the body made,
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade
 Of the *Riphaean* hils, to her reueald
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
 The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seald,
 And mingled them with perfect vermily,
 That like a liuely sanguine it seemd to the eye.

In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In siluer sockets, shynig like the skyes,
And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them, like to womens eyes;
In stead of yellow lockes she did deuysse,
With golden wyre to weaue her curled head;
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As *Florimells* fayre heare: and in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcas dead.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guyle,
And fayre resemblance aboue all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell lomewhyle,
From heauens blis and euerlasting rest,
Him needed not instruct, which way were best
Him selfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,
Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest,
For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well;

Him shaped thus, she deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That who so then her saw, would surely say,
It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,
Or sayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might sayrer be. And then she forth her brought
Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan streight vpstart, and thought
She was the Lady selfe, who he so long had sought.

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne;
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,

Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still with gentle countenance retain'd,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
In th'open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine,
That deedes of armes had euer in despaire,
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare esteemoes he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment;
Villein (sayd he) this Lady is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gaine say: I will away her beare.

The fearefull Chorle durst not gaine say, nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding litle leasure her to wooe,
On *Tromperts* steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

But when hee saw him selfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With termes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine vses, that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming fory, that she euer came
Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
To reauce her honor, which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
And saynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in euery lim,
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercelly that straunger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat,
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme.

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away, that I with blowes haue wonne,
And broght through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,

Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.
At those prouwd words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

Sith then (said *Braggadocchio*) needes thou wilt
Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puissaunce,
Turne we our steeds, that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.
This said they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in euen race:
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloody launce
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But leste his loue to losse, and fled him selfe apace.

The knight him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode,
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Vpon his Courser sett the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him selfe in heuen, that was in hell.

But *Florimell* her selfe was far away,
Driuen to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yett there that cruell Queene auengereffe,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

For being fled into the fishers bote,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did stote,
And with the tide droue forward carelesly,
For th'ayre was milde, and cleared was the skie,
And all his winde*s* *Dan Aeolus* did keepe,
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when droncke with drowfinesse, he woke,
And saw his drouer driue along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marueill of that accident extreame;
But when he saw, that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakte, or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

But when her well auizing, hee perceiu'd
To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiu'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely aske her, how she thither came.
Ah (sayd she) father I note read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

But thou good man, sith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,

Least

Least worse on sea then vs on land befell,
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin,
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh,
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust,
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust,
But she with angry scorne him did withstand,
And shamefully reprou'd for his rudenes fond.

But he, that neuer good nor maners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horse a mble trew.
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe, that did him fowle misseeme:
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine reuild:
Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand,
To saue her honor from that villaine vilde,
And cride to heuen, from humane helpe exild.
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

But

But if that thou, Sir *Satyras*, didst weete,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sory state,
 How soone would yee assemble many a fleet,
 To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late;
 Towres, citties, kingdomes ye would ruinate,
 In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
 But if Sir *Calidore* could it presage,
 No liuing creature could his cruelty allwage.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
 See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
 And soueraine fauor towards chastity,
 Doe succor send to her distressed cace:
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly stroue,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did rouse,
 Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard,
 An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
 And sprinckled frost vpon his deawy beard:
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
 Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
 His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,
 Which with a reeme of scaly *Phocas* bownd
 Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him arownd.

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will, withouten card or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle

Into

Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
The greedy villain from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle fayle,
And with his staffe, that driues his heard astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

The whiles the pitteous Lady vp did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
But when she looked vp, to weet, what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

Herselfe not saued yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare,
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke, which her attached neare,
And fells to ground, to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spy,
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare,
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see her by.

But he endeuored with speeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all preuayld;
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.
Her

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold yfickles from his rough beard,
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory breast:
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Remouing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abusde so sore:
So drag'd him through the waues in scornfull state,
And after cast him vp, vpon the shore;
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Vnder a mightie rocke, gainst which doe raue
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the waue,
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engraue:
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,
Sauc one old *Nymph*, high *Panope* to keepe it cleane.

Thether he brought the sory *Florimell*,
And entertained her the best he might
And *Panope* her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,

To winne her liking vnto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire giiftes, t'allure her sight,
But she both offers and the offerer
Despyde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
But euermore she him refused flar,
And all his fained kindnes did detest.
So firmly she had sealed vp her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
But she a mortall creature loued best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lou'd none, but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he drest;
For euery shape on him he could endwe:
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offered kingdoms vnto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw preuaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threatnes her often did assaile;
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle:

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transforme,
Now like a Gyaunt, now like to a feend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wished end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall

Eternall thaldome was to her more liefse,
Then losse of chastitie, or change of loue:
Dye had she rather in tormenting grieffe,
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remoue.
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly prayse with Saintes aboue,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee,
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shalbe t'aduance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of euery honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me, leaue thee in this wofull state,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late.

Who hauing ended with that *squyre of Dames*
A long discourse of his aduentures vayne,
The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th'*Hyena* to be slayne,
With that same *squyre*, retourned back agayne
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some aduenture bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir *Satyrane* him towardses did addresse,
To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart, which on his brest

He

He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting, as beseemed best,
 Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode;
 And afterwarde, on what aduenture now he rode.

Who thereto answering said, The tydings bad,
 Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
 Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
 And suddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
 To find him forth: and after her are gone
 All the braue knightes, that doen in armes excell,
 To sauegard her, ywandred all alone;
 Emongst the rest my iott (vnworthy) is to be one.

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir *Satyrane*)
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:
 For dead, I surely doubte, thou maist aread
 Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
 That all the noble knightes of *Maydenhead*,
 Which her ador'd, may fore repent with mee,
 And all faire Ladies may for euer fory bee.

Which wordes when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chaung and seemd dismayd to bee,
 Then said, Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trew,
 That ye doe tell in such vncerteintee?
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
 For perdie'elles how mote it euer bee,
 That euer hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood? the heuens such crueltie abhore.

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
 To haue seene, (Quoth he) when as a mostrous beast
 The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.

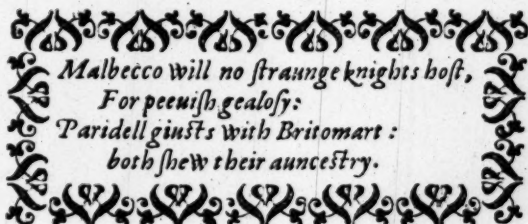
Ay me, (said *Panidell*) the signes be sadd,
 And but God turne the same to good sooth say,
 That Ladies safetie is fore to be dradd:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.
 Faire Sir (qd. he) well may it you succed,
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
 But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights (said then the *Squire of Dames*)
 Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne:
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to flake his beames,
 In dewy vapours of the westerne mayne,
 And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
 Both light of heuen, and strength of men relate:
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Castle them before,
 Where soone arruyng, they restrained were
 Of ready entraunce, which ought euer more

To errant knights be commune: wondrous fore
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
 Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desyre:
 The which to let you weete, will further time requyre.

Cant. IX.



REdoubred knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right fore I feare, least with vnworthie blames
 This odious argument my rymes should shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shyning glory of your soueraine light,
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for good by paragone
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,
 As white seemes fayrer, macht with blacke attonce;
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo in heuen, whereas all goodnes is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprighes did fall from happy blis;
 What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weete
The cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in priuitie,
Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs and wreckes himselfe;
Yet is he lincked to a louely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,
The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
And also far vnlike conditions has;
For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply,
The priuie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Vpon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight
Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriu'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
Vnsfly yokt together in one teeme,
That is the cause, why neuer any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme

Such,

Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan smile, and say;
Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraynt to stay
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne:
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guylen *Argus*, when she list disdonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet,
But fast goodwill with gentle courtesyes,
And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then is he not more mad (sayd *Paridell*)
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe wee deuise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill?

Nay let vs first (sayd *Satyrane*) entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleas'd: then *Paridell* did rise,
And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.

The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,

Him answered, that all were now retyrd

Vnto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd

Vnto their maister, who in bed was layd,

That none him durst awake out of his dreame;

And therefore them of patience gently prayd.

Then *Paridell* began to chaunge his theme,

And threatned him with force & punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,

And now so long before the wicket fast

They wayted, that the night was forward spent,

And the faire welkin fowly ouercast,

Gan blownen vp a bitter stormy blast,

With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,

That this faire many were compeld at last,

To fly for succour to a little shed,

The which beside the gate for sivyne was ordered.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,

Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,

Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,

Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;

But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,

For flatly he of entrance was refusd.

Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought

How to auenge himselfe so sore abusd,

And euermore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

But to auoyde th'intollerable stowre,

He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,

And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,

He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,

So

So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodg, all were they liefe or loth;
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate,
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th'earthes hollow caues hath long ben hid,
And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kinde
To moue, and tremble as it were aghast,
Vntill that it an issew forth may finde;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land & seas, and skyes doth ouercast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terroure of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a fencelesse corse.
But *Paridell* fore brused with the blow,
Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorfe,
Till that young Squire him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throw

But *Sayrane* forth stepping, did them stay
And with faire treaty pacifide their yre;
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with vnquencheable fire,
And that vncurtious Carle their commune foe
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolud in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly, him to beare with all,
As ignorant of seruants bad abuse,
And slacke attendaunce vnto straungers call,
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought beleu'd, & entraunce late did not refuse.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And serud of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hostie did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare, then charitee;
But they dissembled, what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan vndight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry them selues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest;
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Vpbounden,

Vpbounden, did them selues adowne display,
And raught vnto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure
(streames.)

Shee also doste her heauy haberieon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde,
To be a woman wight, vnwilt to bee,
The fairest woman wight, that euer eie did see.

Like as *Bellona*, being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud *Engelade*, whose wide nosethrills burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare, downe tombled dedd
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hye;
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
Had them surprizd. At last auizing right,
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew.

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And euer firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitee:
But most they meruaild at her cheualree,
And noble prowesse, which they had approu'd,
That much they faynd to know, who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amou'd,
Yet euery one her likte, and euery one her lou'd.

And *Paridell* though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might haue the sight,
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

But he to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen, why she could not come in place;
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid euening ill for sicke folkes case,
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

They fate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce,
Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;
But he him selfe fate looking still askaunce,
Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eide

Sir *Satyrane*, with glaunces might not glide:
But his blinde eie, that sided *Paridell*,
All his demeafnure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rou'd at her, and told his secret care:
For all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswerd euermore:
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoifned was with priuy lust, and gealous dredd.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde;
The wicked engine through false influence,
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lou'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward grieve, by meanes to him well knowne,
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
He on the table dasht, as ouerthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to lett his loue be showne;
Which well she redd out of the learned line,
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

And

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing desire her inward flame to slake:
 By such close signes they secret way did make
 Vnto their wils, and one eies watch escape;
 Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
 By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
 Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
 And euery one his kindred, and his name.
 Then *Paridell*, in whom a kindly pride
 Of gracious speach, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded, being yglad of so fittetide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide.

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
 Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
 Before that angry Gods, and cruell skie
 Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie,
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heuen thy great genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent,
 Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory silent.

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
 That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
 And statly towres of *Iliou* whilome
 Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name

Sir *Paris* far renownd through noble fame;
Who through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the fayrest Dame,
That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse.

Fayre *Helene*, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girland of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heauie losse of their braue Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures,
Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with blood all ouerflowne.

From him my linage I deriue aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy,
Whom for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She of his Father *Paris* did name;
Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
Gathred the *Troian* reliques sau'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th' Isle of *Paros* came.

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nausa*, there he many yeares did raine,
And built *Nausicle* by the *Pontick* shore,
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To *Paridas* his sonne.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;
But for faire ladies loue, and glories gaine,
My natue soile haue lefte, my dayes to spend
In seewing deeds of armes, my liues and labors end.

Wheras

Whenas the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Troies* warres, and *Priams* citie sackt,
 The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*,
 She was empaffiond at that piteous act,
 With zelous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard, that she was lineally extract:
 For noble *Britons* sprong from *Trojans* bold,
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
 O lamentable fall of famous towne,
 Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
 And of all *Asie* bore the soueraine crowne,
 In one sad night consumd, and thrown downe:
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That floures so fresh at morne, & fades at euening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
 Hath fownd another partner of your payne:
 For nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
 As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
 But if it should not grieue you, backe agayne
 To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
 What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
 He was not in the cities wofull fyre
 Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre.

Anchyses sonne begott of *Venus* sayre,
 Said he, out of the flames for safegard fled,
 And with a remnant did to sea repayre,
 Where he through satall errour long was led

Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ererest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To saue his people sad from victours vengefull handes;

At last in *Latium* he did arryue,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
Till he with old *Latinus* was constraind,
To contract wedlock: (so the fates ordaind.)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The riual slaine, the victour through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,
And with *Latinus* did the kingdom part.
But after, when both nations gan to striue,
Into their names the title to conuart,
His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
And in long *Alba* plast his throne apart,
Where faire it florished, and long time stoud,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remoud.

There there (said *Britomart*) a fresh appeared
The glory of the later world to spring,
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was reard,
To sitt in second seat of soueraine king,
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise,
Out of the *Troians* scattered of spring,
That in all glory and great enterprife,
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalife.

It *Troynonant* is hight, that with the waues .

Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,
Vpon whose stubborne necks whereat he raues
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot, which standes so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes, and all which passen by,
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threatens the skye.

The *Troian Brute* did first that citie fownd,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
And *Ouert* gate by North: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two riuers bownd the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes feat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

Ah fairest Lady knight, (saied *Paridell*)
Pardon I pray my heedlesse ouersight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I hard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said (if I remember right,)
That of the antique *Troian* stocke, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mightie braunches threw,
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

For that same *Brute*, whom much he did aduaunce
In all his speech, was *Syluius* his sonne,
Whom hauing slain, through luckles arrowes glaunce
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,

Or

Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prou'd in th'*Ocean* mayne,
And great aduētures found, that now were lōg to sayne

At last by fatall course they driuen were
Into an Island spacious and brode,
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
Which after rest they seeking farre abroad,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for liuing foode,
But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Geaunts broode,
That fed on liuing flesh, & dronck mens vitall blood.

Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:
In which the great *Goemagot* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were ouerthrowne, and laide on th'earth full cold,
Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,
A famous history to bee enrold
In euerlasting monuments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

His worke great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowmed far away,
That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entyrelly pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

But

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,
 Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 With vigilant regard, and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies euermore
 In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
 The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,
 And greedy cares her weake hart from her bore:
 Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knightes discoursed diuersly,
 Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,
 And heuenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
 Which th'old man seeing wel, who too lōg thought
 Euery discourse and euery argument,
 Which by the houres he meafurd, besought
 Them go to rest, So all vnto their bowres were brought,

Cant. X.

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
 Malbeeco her pursfewes:
 Fyndes amongst Satyres, whence with him
 To turne she doth refuse.*

THe morow next, so soone as *Phabus* Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh *Anrora* had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heuen amoued quight,

Faire

Faire *Britomart* and that same *Faery* knight
Vprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd, but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged griuously,
To house a guest, that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
Might wanting measure moueth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans vnruely maystery;
His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce he must abie,
What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinkes by watching to preuent;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.
So doth he punish her and eke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde:
Falle loue, why do men say, thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest euery secret of the minde;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbecco*s halfe eye did wyle,
His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her loue away did steale,
And bad, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,
That least auantage more to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
When so in open place, and commune bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights vnbosomd in his hart;
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she Mercie would him giue
That he more algates dye, yet did his death forgiue.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights,
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly, to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of loue and louers paine,

Bransles,

Bransles, Ballads, vielayes, and verses vaine;
Of purposes, oft riddles he deuysd,
And thousands like, which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
To take with his new loue, and leaue her old despyd.

And euery where he might, and euerie while
He did her seruice dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceiued all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets disprede,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd,
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will riuie,
Or daily siege through dispuruaunce long,
And lacke of reskewes will to parley drine,
And Peece, that vnto parley care will giue,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will byliue:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.
Nought wants but time & place, which shortly shee
Deuized hath, and to her lover told,
It pleased well. So well they both agree;
So readie rype to ill, ill womens counsels bee.

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,
When chaunst *Malbecco* busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd for sport, or for despight;
As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare
The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heuens hight
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

This second *Helene*, fayre Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste,
To quench the flames, which she had tyn'd before.
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;
And ran into her louers armes right fast;
Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,
And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past,
For lo that Guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to rauish her, that rather had to dy.

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diuersely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place,
Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull cace.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; loue money ouercame:
But when he marked, how his money burnd;
He left his wife; money did loue disclame:

Both

Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,
And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behinde,
Yet fith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same,
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

Thus whilest all things in troublous vprore were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The louing couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and liberty to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patronesse of loue-stealth fayre,
Gaue them safeconduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
Of louers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco seeing, how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waues of griefe and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight,
He rau'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore,
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
So still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grieuous, then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might nor his loue to him restore,
He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
Ten thousand ways he cast in his confused thought.

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
To search her forth, where so she might be found,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaues in ground : So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond,
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
And euery where that he more vnderstond,
Of knigh ts and ladies any meetings were,
And of eachone he mett, he tidings did inquere.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
Euer to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple euer to surpise
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which houed close vnder a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els them selues did hide.

Well weened hee, that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape auize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree,
For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;
And th'other al yclad in garments light,
Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright,
And euer his faint hart much earned at the sight.

And euer saine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with loues extremity,

That

That is the father of fowle gealofy,
H: closely nearer crept, the truth to weete
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

But it was scornefull *Braggadocchio*,
That with his seruant *Trompart* houer'd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas *Malbecco* spied clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* ronning hastily, him did stay,
And bad before his soueraine Lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gaineſay,
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That euery member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doeſt thou here,
Vnfitly furniſht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpere,
To proue ſome deeds of armes vpon an equall pere.

The wretched man at his imperious ſpeech,
Was all abaſht, and low proſtrating, ſaid;
Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I vnwares this way by fortune ſtraid,
A ſilly Pilgrim driuen to diſtreſſe,
That ſeek a Lady There he ſuddein ſtaid,
And did the reſt with grievous ſighes ſuppreſſe,
While teares ſtood in his eies, few drops of bitterneſſe.

What Lady, man? (said *Trompart*) take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to shew thy smart,
Then now, that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd, O most redoubted Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.

Then sighing sore, It is not long (saide hee)
Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame aliuē;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all, that doe for honor strīue,
By treacherous deceit did me depriue;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,
Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bownd for reuenge, and punish if they may.

And you most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight,
So shall your glory bee aduanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,

Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd, thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame, So turned from him wroth.

But *Trompart*, that his maistres humor knew,
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rownded close behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting aduauntage on the pray to sease;
Till *Trompart* lowly to the grownd inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,
At last he thus, Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and that with rudenes beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pray.
But minds of mortal men are muchell mard,
And mou'd amisse with massy mucks vnmeet regard.

And mote, I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,
Which hath thy lady rest, and knighthood shent,
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heuen and earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shalbe fownd, and shortly doen be dedd.

The

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heauen and hell would oueronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together traueiled,
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
To seeke his wife, that was far wandered:
But those two sought nought, but the present pray,
To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose, how they might it best betray;
For sith the howre, that first he did them lett (whett.
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were

It fortun'd as they together far'd,
They spide, where *Paridell* came pricking fast
Vpon the plaine, the which him selfe prepar'd
To giust with that braue straunger knight a cast,
As on aduenture by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For hauing filcht her bells, her vp he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He nould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

The gentle Lady. loose at random leste,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde aduenture, like a forlorne weste,
Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide

Straying

Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife euer to abide,
To milke their gotes, and make them cheefe & bredd,
And euery one as commune good her handeled.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgott,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arriued here,
Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soone as the oldman saw Sir *Paridell*,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake, his grieft to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
I take no keepe of her (sayd *Paridell*)
She wonneth in the Forrest there before,
So forth he rode, as his aduenture fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his lustie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

Perdy nay (said *Malbecco*) shall ye not:
But let him passe as lightly, as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And inicke perill to bee put to shame.
But let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I am,
Least saluage beastes her person haue despoild:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

They

They all agree, and forward them address:

Ah but (said crafty *Trompart*) weete ye well,
That yonder in that faithfull wildernesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feedes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe & rend
All traueilers; therefore aduise ye well,
Before ye enterprife that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest;
Their counsell crau'd, in daunger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, you that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd;
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.
That counsell pleased not *Malbeccoes* mynd;
For he was much afraid, him selfe alone to fynd.

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
Till we retorne againe in safety:
As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne priuy bee vnto your treasures graue.
It pleased: so he did. Then they march forward braue.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horroure fill:

That

That dreadfull sound the boisters hart did thrill,
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne euer looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* spedd;
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfdedd.

Yet afterwarde close creeping, as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd,
The iolly *Satyres* full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimble ledd
Faيرة *Helenore*, with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proude of that new honour, which they redd,
And of their louely fellowship full glade,
Daunst liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and griued sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'vnkindnes of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great lusty hedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
The whiles their Gotes vpon the brouzes fedd.
Till drouping *Phæbus* gan to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho vp they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly hearde did gather rownd,
But euery *Satyre* first did giue a busse
To *Hellenore*: so busse did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd.
With perly deaw, and th'Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd;
That euery bird and beast awarned made, (uade.
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their senses did in-
Which

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of his bush
Vpon his hands and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on high,
And misty dampe of misconceyuing night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotith beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his louely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealofy did swell,
But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full sounely slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
She turnd her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd,
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbrayd,
With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,

She

She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would haue wakt the *Satyre* by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd
And loathsom life, of God, and man abhord,
And home returne, whereall should be renewd
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
And the receiud againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespas euer had beene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne

He wooed her, till day spring he espyde;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early before the heauens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in fory plight.

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,
Heran as fast, as both his feet could beare,
And neuer looked, who behind him was,
Ne scarfely who before: like as a Beare
That creeping close, amongst the hiues to reare
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling, sore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne staves, till safe him selfe he see from ieopardy.

Ne stayd he, till he came vnto the place,
 Where late his treasure he entombed had,
 Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* bace
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with him selfe away:
 That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
 With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
 From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fledd,
 As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
 Griefe, and despight, and gealofy, and scorne
 Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
 So shamefully forlorne of womankynd;
 That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
 Ne stayd his flight, nor tearefull agony,
 Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
 Ouer the sea, suspended dreadfully,
 That liuing creature it would terrify,
 To looke adowne, or vpward to the height:
 From thence he threw him selfe despiteously,
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
 That seemd no help for him was left in liuing sight.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought
 He was so wasted and forpined quight,
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,

That

That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a caue with entrance small.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
In drery darkenes, and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which euer and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Croscuts the liuer with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce vnto him giues.
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy griefe, and horror vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and *Geloſy* is hight.

Cant. XI.

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
findes Scudamour distressed:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
where lones spoyle are exprest,*

O Hatefull hellish Snake, what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of *Proserpine*,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealofy, that turnest loue diuine
To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell,
Sweete Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter sell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,
That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir *Satyrane*, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from *Malbecco's* hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And

And hatefull outrage long him chased thus;
It was that *Olyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;
This as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all woman kinde,
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly vse all, that I euer finde:
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
She was emmoued in her noble minde,
T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she did him vew.

Ne was *Satyrane* her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chace:
Whom when the *Gyaunt* saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did striue the other to outgoe;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, & escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
But *Britomart* the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a Forrest neare,
Where he is throwded in security.
The wood they enter, and search euerie where,
They searched diuersely, so both diuided were.

Fayre Britemart so long him folliowed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little of his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the grownd did grouelingly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade,
That the braue Mayd would not for courtesy,
Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to inuade:
Still as she stood, she heard with griuous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He sayd, O souerayne Lord that sit'st on hye,
And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
Or hast, thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?

Or if that heuently iustice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men;
Why then is *Busirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, these seuen monethes day in secret den
My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,
And the sharpe Steele doth riue her hart in tway,
All for she *Scudamore* will not deny.
Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore* art found,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady feesles so sore a wound.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
His soltring tounge with pangs of drierinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terroure she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

The stouping downe she him amoued light;
Who therewith somewhat starting, vp gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forooke,
And downe againe him selfe disdainefully
Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forehead strooke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his grieve, and spake thus courtesly.

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued grieve
Well seemest exceede the powre of patience,
Yet if that heuently gracefome good reliefe
You send, submit you to high prouidence,
And euer in your noble hart prepenſe,
That all the ſorrow in the world is leſſe,
Then vertues might, and values confidence.
For who will bide the burden of diſtreſſe,
Muſt not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchedneſſe.

Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon ſo
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to eaſe your woe,
And wreake your ſorrow on your cruell foe,
At leaſt it faire endeouour will apply.
Thoſe feeling words ſo neare the quicke did goe,
That vp his head he reared eaſily,
And leaning on his elbowe, theſe few words left fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreſt,
And ſow vaine ſorrow in a fruitleſſe eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned breſt,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For he the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By ſtrong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her cloſe embard,
And many dreadfull ſeends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her moſt terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Becaule to yield him loue ſhe doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:

But

But yet by torture he would her constraîne
Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

With this sad herfall of his heavy streffe,
The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd, Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse,
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
For nothing so much pittie doth implore,
As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery.
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will with prooffe of last extremity,
Deliuier her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentlest knight aliue, (sayd *Scudamore*)
What huge heroicke magnanimity (more,
Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
If thee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot, but let medie, that ought;
More is more losse: one is enough to dy,
Life is not lost, (said she) for which is bought
Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be sought.

Thus shee at length perswaded him to rise,
And with her wend, to see what new successe
Mote him befall vpon new enterprise:
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered vp and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed vnto him gott:
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mountenaunce of a short,
Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpose they did plott.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
And stinking Sulphure, that with grisly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And turning backe to *Scudamour*, thus sayd;
What monstrous enmity prouoke we heare,
Foolhardy, as the Earthes children, which made
Batteill against the Gods? so we a God inuade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore Sir knight,
Arcad what course of you is safest dempt.
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away;
So mighty be th' enchaūtmments, which the same do stay.

What is there ells, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leane me to my former languishing?
Faire *Auerett* must dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing.

Perdy not so; (saide shee) for shameful thing
Yt were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disauaunce.

Therewith resolu'd to proue her vtmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right,,
Assayld the flame, the which esteemes gaue place,
And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
That through she passed, as a thonder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt.

Whome whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
With greedy will, and enuious desire,
And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
His threathfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounse his head and brestful sore;
The whiles the Championesse now decked has
The vtmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
The vtmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

For

For round about, the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,
 Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked priuily,
 As faining to be hidd from enuious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
 It shewd it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
 Like to a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the Greene gras his long bright burnisht back
 (declares,

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of loue, and al of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;
 And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
 And cruell batailles, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty kings and kesars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writt, how often thondring *Ioue*
 Had felt the point of his hart percing dart,
 And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
 In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
 Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
 Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw:
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
 Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas vnder her to bay her seruants law.

Soone after that into a golden showre
 Him selfe he chaung'd, faire *Danaë* to vew,
 Ant through the roose of her strong brasen sowre
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew,

The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor issew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
And brushing his faire brest, did her inuade;
Shee slept, yet twixt her cielids closely spyde,
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*
Deceiud of gealous *Iuno*, did require
To see him in his souerayne maiestee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likenes more entire,
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre,
Once, when he with *Asterie* did scape,
Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy so fayre
He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare, least down he fallen should
And often to him calling, to take surer hould.

In *Satyres* shape *Antiope* he snatcht:
 And like a fire, when he *Aegin'* assayd:
 A shepheard, when *Mnemofyne* he catcht:
 And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd. (playd,
 Whyles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageaunts
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
 And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,
 Lo now the heuens obey to me alone,
 And takeme for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

And thou, faire *Phæbus*, in thy colours bright
 Wast there enwouen, and the sad distresse,
 In which that boy thee plunged, for despight,
 That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
 When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulnessse:
 For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
 To loue faire *Daphne*, which the loued lesse:
 Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy iust desart,
 Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,
 So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
 Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
 Yet both in flowres doe liue, and loue thee beare,
 The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare:
 For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
 The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
 And breaking quite his garland euer greene,
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
 The sonne of *Climene* he did repent,
 Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
 Himselfe in thousand preces fondly rent,

And

And all the world with flashing fire brent:
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

He loued *Ise* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The seruant of *Admetus* cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other louely fitt,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw; his threeforkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on euery syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charret might haue passage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in temewise
(tyde.

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waues to smoke, agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,
Did shine with siluer, and shoor forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensiue seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For priuy loue his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare *Bisaltis* ay could make him glad.

He

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
 And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight,
 For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare;
 And fedd on fodder, to beguile her sight.
 Also to win *Dencalions* daughter bright,
 He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
 And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
 To snaky-locke *Medusa* to repayre,
 On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
 That fullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
 Yet loue is fullein, and *Saturnlike* scene,
 As he did for *Erigone* it proue.
 That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
 So proou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
 When for to compasse *Philliras* hard loue,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
 And gentie pangues, with which he mak'd meeke
 The mightie *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eek
 For many other Nymphes hefore did shreek,
 With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
 Priuily moystening his horrid cheeke.
 There was he painted full of burning darts, (partes.
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,

Which

Which he had wrought to many others mee.
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heuen beholdes sad louers nightly theeueryes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, knights & Damsels gent
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld,
Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,
And a long bloody riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing sence it fayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours, then the proud *Panone*
Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.
When her discolourd bow she spredst through heuen

Blyndfold he was, and in his craell fitt
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those dartes behold)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his leste foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.
And

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But euermore and more vpon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd.

Tho as the backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secrete of that goodly sted
Ouer the dore thus written she did spye
Bee bold: she oft and oft it ouer-red
Yet could not find what sence it figured:
But what so were therein, or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged,
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

Much fayrer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd:
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was ouerlāyd, (playd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare,
For loue in thousand mōstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
Of mightie Conquerours and **Captaines** strong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes,

To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swerds & speres were broke, & hauberques rent
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes,
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

The warlike Mayd beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
But more the meruaild that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
And solemne silence ouer all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purueyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How ouer that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and euery where *Be bold*,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes vpper end,
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

Thus she there wayted vntill euentide,
Yet liuing creature none she saw appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heauy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.

Cant. XII.

*The maske of Cupid, and th'enchaunted
Chamber are displayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.*

THo when as chearelesse Night ycouered had
Fayre heauen with an vniuerfall clowd,
That euery wight dismayd with darkenes sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselues did throwd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battail, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prouwd,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Enswe'd, whose noyaunce filld the fearefull sted,
From the fourth howre of night vntill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much'emmou'd, but stedfast still perseuered.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had bene tore:

And

And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haucour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discouered,
Euse, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,
And merueild at his straunge intendiment;
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrales, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet concent:
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enanged orderly.

The whiles a most delicious harmony,
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:
And when in ceast, thrill trumpets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound,
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was *Fansy*, like a louely Boy,
 Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
 Matchable ether to that ympe of *Troy*,
 Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
 Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
 To great *Alcides*, that when as he dyde,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And euery word, and euery valley wyde
 He filld with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cryde.

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
 But paynted plumes, in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sunburnt *Indians* do aray
 Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare;
 For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did beate,
 That in the ydle ayre he mou'd still here and there.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desyre*,
 Who seemd of ryper yeares, then th'other *Swayne*,
 Yet was that others *Swayne* this elders syre,
 And gaue him being, commune to them twayne:
 His garment was disguysed very vayne,
 And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soone they life conceiu'd, and forth in flames did
 (fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
 In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,
 That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
 And sleeues dependaunt *Albanese*-wyle:

He

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way
Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse
And on a broken reed he still did stay, (lay.
His feeble steps, which shrunck, when hard thereon he

With him went *Daunger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horror, to deforme his grieously shade,
A net in th'one hand, and a rusty blade
In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that mishap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow mouing too or froe,
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As athes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to seowe.

And after them *Dissemblaunce*, and *Suspect*
Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall paire:
For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but paynted, and pourloynd, (haire:
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was fowle, ill fauoured, and grim,
Vnder his eie browes looking still askaunce;
And euer as *Dissemblaunce* laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce;
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did neuer rest in place,
But walkte each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe all in fable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled,
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull dreriheds,
For from her backe her garments she did teare, And

And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went *Displeasure* and *Pleasaunce*,
He looking lompish and full full in sad,
And hanging downe his heauy countenaunce;
She chearfull fresh and full of ioyauce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne dread;
That euill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee,
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grysie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to liuing sight,
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did moue a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett yuory,
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
 Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
 And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
 Her forward skill with torture did constraîne,
 And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
 Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
 Taught to obey the menage of that Else,
 That man and beast with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
 His blindfold eies he bad a while vnbinde,
 That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
 Which scene, he much reioycd in his cruell minde.

Of which ful proude, him selfe vp rearing hye,
 He looked round about with sterne disdayne;
 And did suruay his goodly company:
 And marshalling the euill ordered trayne,
 With that the darts which his right did straine,
 Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
 And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine,
 That all his many it affraide did make:
 Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentaunce*, *Shame*,
Reproch the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorowfull, and lame:
Reproch despihtful, carelesse, and vnkinde;

Shame

Shame most ill fauour'd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, *Repentaunce* sigh'd, *Reproch* did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, *Repentaunce* whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Vnquiet Care, and fond *Vnthristy head*,
Lewd Losse of Time,, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
Inconstant Chaunge, and false *Disloyalty*,
Consuming Riotise, and guilty *Dread*
Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,
Vile Pouerty, and lastly *Death* with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wauering wemens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
All which disguised marcht in masking wise,
About the chamber by the Damozell,
And then returned, hauing marched thrise,
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
Fast locked, driuen with that stormy-blast,
Which first it opened; nothing did remayne.
Then the braue Maid, which al this while was plapt,
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous vpror
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where

Where force might not auile, their sleights and art
She cast to vse, both fitt for hard emprise,
For thy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next, thee did her selfe auize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily ezechize,
Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second euening
Her couered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
Shee cast her eies, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she saw without:
But lo, they streight were vanisht all and some,
Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,
Sauce that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands,
Vnto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art,
With liuing blood he those characters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying harr,

Seeming

Seeming transfixt with a cruell dart,
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ala who can loue the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue; (moue.
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart re-

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely running to that Ladytrew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villenous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to the next his fell intent,
Vnwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly vnto him called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remediless, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe,
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to see.

And

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore vnto her health, and former state;
This doe and liue, els dye vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlook
Those cursed leaues, his charmes back to reuerse;
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks vp stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout,
Abode to weet, what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riuen bowels gor'd,

Was

Was closed vp, as it had not beene sor'd,
And euery part to safety full sownd,
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd:
Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the grownd,

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meede
Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed;
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Euen immortall prayse, and glory wyde
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well aduaunce that goodly well was tryde.

But *Britomart* vprearing her from grownd,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safetie now I haue you seene,
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lad comfort to you take,
And put away remembraunce of late teene;
In sted thereof know, that your louing Make,
Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wightes she loued best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Vpon th' enchaunter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her, led to wretchednesse and wo.

Retur-

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
He saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht vtterly, and cleane subuerst
He found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunge him much dismayd.
Thenceforth descending to that perlous Porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

At last she came vnto the place, where late
She left Sir *Scudamour* in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie *Britomarts* successe:
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilfull anguish, and dead heauinesse,
And to him cald, whose voices knowne sound
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

There did he see, that most on earth him ioyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes:
Straight he vpstart from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty egernesse,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
In the coole soile, after long thirstinesse,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

Lighly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And freightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delight:

But

But she faire Lady ouercommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweete rauishment poured out her spright:
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two senceles stocks in long embracemēt dwelt.

Had ye them seene, ye would haue surely thought,
That they had beene that faire *Hermaphrodite*,
Which that rich *Romane* of white marble wrought,
And in his costly Bath cauld to bee site:
So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
That *Britomart* halfe enuying their blesse,
Was much empassiōd in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse,
In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet possesse.

Thus doe those louers with sweet counteruayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their iournall toyle:
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
At this same furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye faire Swayns, after your long turmoyle,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your worke; to morrow is an holy day.

F I N I S.

Cart. 1. 1. 1. - The first year.

For the first of the year.

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On the first of the year.

A

Letter of the Authors expounding his
whole intention in the course of this worke: which
 for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for
 the better vnderstanding is hereunto
 annexed.

To the Right noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter
 Raleigh knight, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneries, and
 her Maiesties liefetenaunt of the County of Corne-
 wayll.



*I*r knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good aswell for avoiding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading therof, (being so by you cōmanded,) to discover vnto you the general intention & meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historie of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens

P p

former

former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historicall, first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Vlysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odyseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso disennured them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo: The other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised, the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasing, which had rather haue good discipline delinered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they vs, then thus cloudily enwrapped in Allgoricall deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the vse of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a Commonwelth such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a gouernement such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceiue after his long education by Tiron, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen,

(with

with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon strongly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faery land. And yet in some places el, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure app'able to that vertue which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knight the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes containe three. The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepasse, and diuining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history if it were to be told by an Historiogra-

pher should be the twelfth booke which is the last, where I deuise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feast xii. dayes, vpon which xii. seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii. seuerall aduentures hapned, which being undertaken by xii. seuerall knights, are in these xii. books seuerally handled and disconsed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownish younge man, who falling before the Queen of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feast should happen, that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, vnfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Lady in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut vp in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssue: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serue him (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put vpon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And esiesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange Coarser, he went forth with her on that aduenture: where beginneth the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The

The second day ther came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to haue bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia: and therefore craued of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knights, to performe that aduenture, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in, a Groome who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchanter called Busirane had in hand a most faire Lady called Amoreta, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduenture. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments. As the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honorable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishments of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuary. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate.
Ed. Spenser.

¶ A Vision vpon this concept of the
Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tumbe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
At whose approach the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene.
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Laura*'s herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heuens did perse.
Where *Homer*'s spright did tremble all for grieffe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiaall theife.

Another of the same.

THe prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight whē *Philumena* sings.
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast beauty prayd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her cline.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore
Abooue the reach of all that line, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

Collyn I see by thy new taken taske,
 some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 That leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
 and loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes.
 That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes vnto kinges,
 So like the liuely Larke that mounting singes.

Thy louely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
 and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
 those prety pypes that did thy mates delight.
 Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
 Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou ear'st with thy sweete roundelayes,
 didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
 delight the daintie cares of higher powers.
 And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill
 Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And fare befall that Faery Queene of thine,
 in whose faire eyes lone linckt with vertue sittes:
 Enfusing by those bewties fyers denyne,
 such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reede,
 From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand
 victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
 Which thou dost vayne in Type of Faery land
 Elyzas blessed field, that Albion hight.
 That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie foes,
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (iolly shepeheard) though with pleasing style,
 thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne:
 Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
 ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
 Subiect thy dome to her Empyring spright,
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.
 Hobynoll.

F Ayre *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludds* stately towne,
 Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
 Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
 Be silent, whyle this Bryttane *Orpheus* plays:
 Nere thy sweet bankes, thereliues that sacred crowne,
 Whose hand strowes *Palme* and neuer-dying bayes,
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne
 Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.
 For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
 And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.

G Raue *Muses* march in triumph and with prayes,
 Our Goddesse here hath giuen you leaue to land:
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
 Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.
 Desertes findes dew in that most princely doome,
 In whose sweete brest are all the *Muses* bredde:
 So did that great *Augustus* erst in Roome
 With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
 Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
 Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

When stout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape
 And what reuenge the States of Greece deuifd:
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
 In womans weedes him selfe he then disguifde:
 But this deuife *Vlyffes* soone did spy,
 And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When *Spencer* saw the fame was spredd so large,
 Through Faery land of their renowned Queene:
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be seene,
 To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice,
 But *Sydney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as *Vlyffes* brought faire *Thetis* sonne
 From his retyred life to menage armes:
 So *Spencer* was by *Sidneys* speeches wonne,
 To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes:
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,
 Did win the palme from all the *Grecian* Peeres:
 So *Spencer* now to his immortall prayse,
 Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
 What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,
 He is excus'd, fith *Sidney* thought it fitt.

W. L.

To

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuise
 The which a workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserued prise,
 That vnto such a workmanship is dew.
 Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught
 Or els doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
 Which no man goes about to discommend,
 Would raise a iealous doubt that there did lurke,
 Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend.
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
 Tis needlesse for the host to haue a sygne.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such
 As can discerne of colours blacke, and white,
 As alls to free my minde from enuies tuch,
 That neuer giues to any man his right,
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
 Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware:
 But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
 And customes very hardly broken are.
 And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
 Then looke you giue your host his vtmost dew.
 Ignoto.

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,
Lord high Chauncelor of England. &c.

THose prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
Whylom the Pillours of th'earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder *Africane*,
So *Maro* oft did *Cæsars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay,
The rugged brow of carefull Policy:
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

To the most honourable and excellent Lo. the Earle
of Essex. Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse,
and knight of the Noble order of the Garter. &c.

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doë merit a most famous Poets witt,
To be thy liuing praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne, to let thy name be writt
In this base Poeme, for thee far vnfit.
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby,
But when my *Muse*, whose fethers nothing flit
Doe yet but slagg, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to fly
To the last praises of this Faery *Queene*,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance,
To these first labours needed furtheraunce,

To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford,
Lord high Chamberlaync of England. &c.

R Ecceiue most Noble Lord in gentle gree,
The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit:
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poisonous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry
Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the loue, which thou doest beare
To th'*Heliconian* ymps, and they to thee,
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue
That loues & honours thee, as doth behoue,

To the right honourable the Earle of
Northumberland.

T He sacred *Muses* haue made alwaies clame
To be the Nourser of nobility,
And Registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and cheualry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which giues them life, that els would soone haue dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore right noble Lord I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

To the right Honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossory.

Recceiue most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which saluage soyl hath bred,
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspredd:
And in so faire a land, as may be redd,
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicone*
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansion;
There in deepe dwel faire Graces many one.
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits,
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue dear Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, Lo. high Admi-
ral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter,
and one of her Maiesties priuie Counsel. &c.

And ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deed; each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th'old Heroes, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageant haue a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chase,
And that proud people woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises euerlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
That it may liue to all posterity.

To the most renoumed and valiant Lord, the
Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order
of the Garter, &c.

Most Noble Lord the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rise,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guilt to receauce,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leauce,
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weauce
In sauadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vlearned Loomc:
The which vouchsafe dear Lord your fauorable doome.

*To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh,
Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and liesenaunt
of Cornewaile.*

To thee that art the sommers Nightingale,
Thy soveraine Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rustlicke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnseason quite?
Thou cnelly fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
And dainty loue leard sweetly to endite.
My rime: I know vnfauory and sowre,
To tast the streames, that like a goldein showre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy lones praise,
Fitter perhaps to thonder Martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises bee thus rudely showne.

To the most vertuous, and beautifull Lady,
the Lady Carew.

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
 You fairest Lady leaue out of this place,
 But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
 Wherewith that courtly garland most ye grace,
 And deck the world, adorne these verses base:
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise
 Those glorious ornaments of heuenly grace,
 Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,
 And in subdued harts do tyranye:
 For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
 And siluer leaues, them rightly to deuise,
 But to make humble present of good will:
 Which whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
 In ampler wise it selfe will forth display.

E. S.

To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court,

THe Chian Pein^{ter}, when he was requirde
 To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
 To make his worke more absolute, desirde
 Of all the fairest Maides to haue the vew.
 Much more me needs to draw the semblant crew,
 Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,
 To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
 And steale from each some part of ornament.
 If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,
 A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
 Then that braue court doth to mine eie present,
 That the worlds pride seemes gathered there to bee.
 Of each a part I stole by running theste:
 Forgiue it me faire Dames, sith lesse ye haue not lesse.

FINIS.

E. S.

Faults escaped in the Print.

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